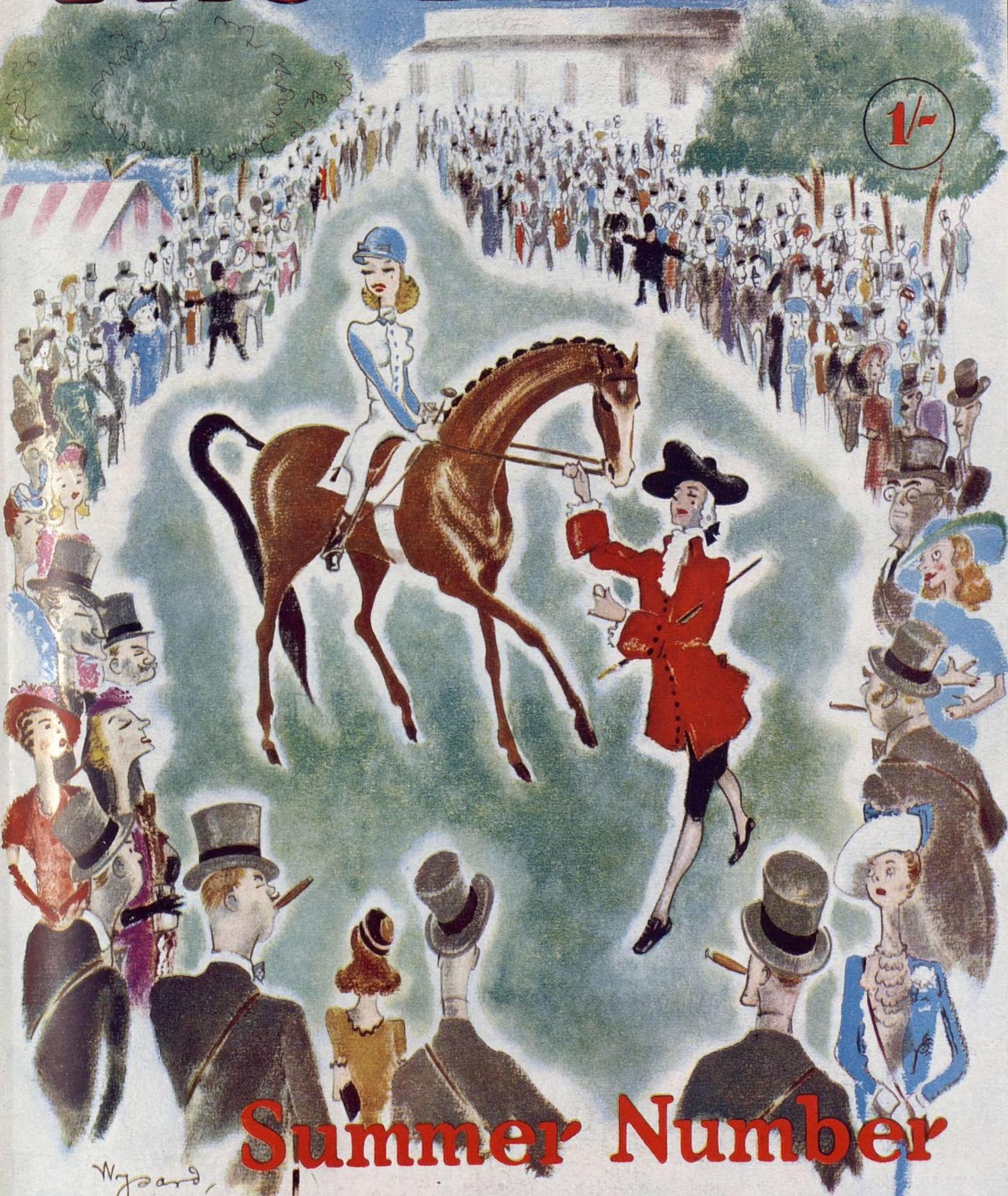


Vol. CLII. No. 1980

London  
June 7, 1939

# The TATLER

1/-



Summer Number

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# The TATLER

Vol. CLII. No. 1980. London, June 7, 1939

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Price One Shilling



Fayer, Grosvenor Street

## THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND—AND FRIENDS

A delightful new photograph of the present Duke of Northumberland's very good-looking mother, with four constant companions. The Duchess of Northumberland, G.C.V.O., C.B.E., who was appointed Mistress of the Robes to Her Majesty the Queen in 1937, is the widow of the 8th Duke and an aunt of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. They think the world of her round about Alnwick, where stately Alnwick Castle has housed Percys through the ages, and this gracious lady also does any amount of public service when in residence at Albury Park, in Surrey. Three sons and two daughters make up the Duchess of Northumberland's family. Her younger daughter, Lady Diana Percy, was married to Lord Brackley, Lord and Lady Ellesmere's only son, in Westminster Abbey, at the end of April

## And the World Said—



Bassano

A TARGET FOR OUR "ARCHIES":  
MISS MONA FRIEDLANDER

The intrepid daughter of a well-known pillar of the banking world who nightly flies over London to afford our anti-aircraft batteries a target upon which to range. Miss Friedlander, who is only twenty-four, was one of the first women to gain her pilot's "A" and "B" licences and second navigator's licence, and she is the only woman in the south of England piloting a plane for Territorial searchlight exercises.

No sooner did I express the belief, last week, that propaganda confuses, bores, but fails to blind the Great British Public, than the postman knocked thrice because he could not force into the letter box an envelope containing expensively got up booklets from the Jewish Agency for Palestine. One is a collection of documents relating to the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine Mandate; another is Mrs. Edgar Dugdale on Palestine Today; the third presents Leonard Stein's notes about certain White Papers relating to the Palestine conferences. Earnest and *à propos*, but do they tell the whole story? Being of fair mind and indolent nature, I have pigeon-holed this well-meant propaganda until a similar batch arrives from the Arab Agency for Palestine—if such an institution exists. Most English men and women are mentally lazy now summer has come, and with it the excuse of half term;



SERVING THEIR COUNTRY IN SCOTLAND

Officers of Edinburgh companies of the Auxiliary Territorial Service (A.T.S. not W.A.T.S., please note), photographed when in camp at Barry Angus. In this cheerful group Mrs. Evans, Senior Commandant, is seen with Lady Vivian Younger and Miss Gray, two of her Company Commanders, and Miss Menzies and Miss Barker, Company Assistants. Miss Ellen Wilkinson can say what she likes about A.T.S. officers, against whom she has such a curious grudge just because some happen to own titles, but the fact remains that all over the country Commandants and lesser lights are working many hours a day—some from ten till six—getting their regiments of women into first-rate shape.



AT TOWCESTER'S RECENT MEETING

The Hon. Mrs. Stockdale, Lord Hesketh's elder daughter, with her husband, Mr. E. V. M. Stockdale, their daughter Anne Louise, and the Hon. John Baring, son of Mrs. Stockdale's sister, Lady Revelstoke. They were members of a Whitsun family party at Easton Neston, Lord Hesketh's Northamptonshire place which harbours Towcester Race-course.

children; cricket; gardens; goings-on and goings-out. Maybe we are foolish to have almost forgotten the German menace these past weeks, sunning ourselves in agreeable occupations, and doubtless there will be a rude awakening (the rudest is Luise Rainer's in the scene at the Shaftesbury where her Bergnerian acrobatics make hay of the marital bed) but we shall have had these harmless May days, and not even Hitler can commandeer the past.

\* \* \*

"Like every one else, Hitler wants 'All This and Heaven Too,'" makes a clever advertisement, but this American best-seller is padded until its dramatic true story seems almost as thin as the ten scenes of short-lived *Sixth Floor*. How a crowded but empty piece put itself over on that astute international, Mr. Gilbert Miller, is as inexplicable as Mr. Cochran's belief that *The Boy David* is a masterpiece; the Bergner a Bernhardt. I remember Gilbert Miller's lip curled (like those of Monsieur Hochepot's hero's in the play) when, over the Palm Beach paw-paw, I told him I admired Charles Morgan's *Flashing Stream* prodigiously. Speaking with amused interrogation, as if to a backward child, G.M. said, "So you thought it a good play." I explained that at the time I had thought it a good play, stupidly cast, which is not quite the same thing. If you

want a play which lives on as a good memory see Sir Basil Bartlett's translation of François Mauriac's *Ashmodée*, now *The Intruder* at Wyndham's. Among the Schiaparelli throng at the Sherek opening were Mrs. Ivor Back, who had to leave at the first interval, and the Duchess of Kent's friend, Mrs. James Campbell (*née* Princess Galitzine) with her compatriot Xenia Littlejohn Cooke who has just put one hundred yards into the skirt of Miss Betty Leigh's wedding dress. A slinky dresser who avoided the cameras was Mrs. Essex Drury, the possessor of what is still called glamour, while at the St. James' Lady Moira Combe's long earrings sparkled even if the dialogue did not.

\* \* \*

With the Bank Holiday early to press convention, and what is ambiguously termed one thing and another, I must ask indulgence of those to whom before Whitsun is as before the Flood where passing events are concerned. This paragraph is therefore addressed to our provincial and Empire readers who are not in such a hurry to call it a day. (Americans call a flag day such as Rose Day—a Rose Drive. A note on the difference between us and U.S.) So we will go back to Epsom where the paddock gets no nearer to the boxes, as one grows older, and the clothes were all the more Ascotian for not having been out this year. The Duchess of Kent looked superb, and others who were above their own excellent form included Lady Warrender, whose son was one of the tallest; Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who talked to the Duke of Marlborough; Miss Sheriffe, Mrs. Cripps and Lady Kimberley (bracketed); pretty little Mrs. Philip Nunneley, the trainer's wife; and Lady Zia Werner of the gracious manner. The convention that "nobody ever goes to the paddock on the first day" was broken, and when Major "Weary" Liddell reached the turnstile (Hustle is not his middle name) they had run out of badges. Nothing ran out at the Savoy on Derby night, the one hitch being Pathé's inability to put the race in their screen gazette as scheduled. Instead we saw the King, in Canada, and the applause for Their Majesties was all the warmer because of Queen Mary's alarming experience which must have worried them so much. Favours were the best ever distributed at any gala ("Billie" Reardon please copy) and it was very much done to wear one. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk did, she looking radiantly pretty in spangles. Lord Rosebery, in a primrose cap, danced with his daughter, his

step-daughter, and niece, Mrs. Charles Wood. Grand Duke Dmitri shared a floor table with Mr. "Pops" Purbrick whose sunface suited the yachting model better than any of its wearers. Harry Wragg, who was having a perfectly swell time, never smiled once. Hiley Bathurst, Ralph Hawkes, Ralph Harbord and young Lacey represented a winter sport—Cresta riding—out of season. The



MY SON AND I

Mrs. Leslie Mackay and her sturdy little boy, Anthony find a place in the sun. Before her marriage in 1936 Mrs. Leslie Mackay was Miss Louise Domville. She is the younger daughter of the late Lieutenant Sir James Domville, R.N., and of Kathleen Lady Domville

Antony Beauchamp  
MISS DIANA  
GUTHRIE

Sir Connop and Lady Guthrie's popular only daughter whom her very many friends know as Didy. She is the sister of Mr. Giles Guthrie, who, it will be remembered was joint hero with Mr. C. W. A. Scott of the record-breaking Portsmouth to Johannesburg flight of 1936, and has since piloted himself to third place in the King's Cup Air Race

Leveson-Gowers (who sailed their own boat); and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton whose brother, Anthony Brett, is going to marry Miss Bay (nice, rare name) Brownell, which engagement has interest for the stage (adorned by his mother), Calcutta and Birkenhead. The British Stage was represented by Edith Evans, the French by Madame Dussande of the Comédie Française, at the latter's enchanting lecture on Molière at the Institut Français. I never enjoyed a conference more. Miss Evans looked at the ceiling with



PERAMBULATING IN THE PARK

Mrs. Victor Seely with her daughter, Alexandra (concealed in the pram), and her step-daughter, Victoria, granddaughter of Lord Rochdale, joins the before-lunch Hyde Park parade of mothers and children. Mrs. Victor Seely, who married Sir Hugh Seely's brother in 1937, was formerly Miss Mary Collins. Herbert Crescent is her London address

## And the World said—*continued*

rapture. Madame Yvette Guilbert (may she live for ever!) looked herself, and other appreciators were Mrs. "Bill" Stirling, of Bar Harbour, Maine, who was with Lady Enid Browne, Lord Chesterfield's handsome sister, and Mrs. Richard Ford (mother of ex-débutante Rosemary), who must be tired of hearing she looks like a lady by Hoppner in modern dress. The whole philosophy of dress has undergone a change so that "off the peg" is no longer said disparagingly to imply a misfit; indeed many of the smartest nearly always wear what were once called "reach-me-downs," now imported from America or copied from French and American models in so many sizes that the fit is as thoroughly made-to-measure as in the former sense of the phrase. The same goes for shoes. As long as one man makes more money than another, which is as good as saying until the end of the world, there will be women who can afford exclusive clothes from expensive places, and from their choice, and the creative flair of their dressmakers, the whole trade takes a lead. It is these women who can afford to tire of the forty-guinea touch after a few wearings, hence the success of a new *de luxe* ole clo' venture, run by Miss Iva Dundas, whose father was a brother of the first Marquess of Zetland, and nice-looking Miss Margaret Royds whose mother was a Drummond, a sister of Lady Dudley Gordon; consequently these young women began with a sizable *clientèle* of relations in Yorkshire, Scotland and London. Needless to say they are not ashamed of having a job, unlike some of the Parisian society beauties who work at famous *maisons de couture*. Republicans are often less democratic than the citizens of a monarchy. The unfortunate citizens who have not been bidden to the Washington garden party are burning up with jealousy and disappointment, but obviously all the suitable could not be asked. Some who received invitations "commanding" them to attend, were puzzled as to the wording of their replies, because in the Land of the Free (*sic*) the idea of writing "Mr. A. B. C. Snooks, Junior will OBEY Their Majesties COMMAND" is constitutionally repugnant; nevertheless the Snooks' stepped back a couple of hundred years and obeyed with a glow and a flourish. Tea and strawberries will be handed round in the English fashion, and one American scion, who must be nameless, writes that he intends blacking up as a coloured waiter and bribing the caterer to let him in on the job. I understand there are some big bets against his attending the party in disguise, which all sounds reminiscent of the tales of our grandfathers about "Charlie" Beresford and other cheerful souls who created fantastic situations in order to get away with them. Lightheartedness is no longer an English characteristic; no small wonder. Not that we are down-hearted, but the spirit of youthful larking has crossed the Atlantic, perhaps for good. You can't get fresh in a gas-mask, as they say in Muswell Hill.

\* \* \*

There was a certain amount of merriment, somewhat forced after too much casino, during the big weekend at Le Touquet where the next excitement is Buck's weekend at the end of the month. I have never seen so many new faces, nearly all ugly mugs. The prettiest women seemed to be in the Ausnits' party, beginning with the hostess, a belle from Bucharest. Others were Mrs. "Nicky" Embiricos, Miss Edith Lambart, Mlle.

Margery de Wardener, Señora Pedro Eyzaguirre, Mlle. Constantinesco (who wore a delicious black and white frilled dress at the Hermitage gala), Sandra Rambeau, Leonora Corbett (who dined with Emlyn Williams) and Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont who dined, as always, with her husband. Lady Willoughby de Broke and Lady Worthington-Evans looked just as good in the morning light. This also applies to Mrs. John Goodenday (whose caddy called her "Madame Bonjour") and to Mrs. Claude Leigh, who dined with Lord and Lady Garnock, better remembered as "Willie" and Margery Lindesay, a delightful quiet couple. A radiant young couple—Diana Bethell and Richard Purcell Blow—motored in on the last stage of their honeymoon. Marrieds who seemed to enjoy each other's company included the E. H. Tattersalls ("Bunny" is now a television star), the Claire O'Rorkes, the Nigel Mordaunts, the Dudley Toths, the Vernon Tates, the Charles Buttons (*à quatre* with her parents, Sir Alfred and Lady McAlpine), the Donald Camerons, the "Stewie" Fosters, the Peter Clives, the Denton Carlises (her Bridget Smiley was having a whirl with Nefertari Bethell and Co.), and the "Freddie" Whites who, with their five-pound *avant-guerre* French car, are a Golf Hotel institution.

\* \* \*

Two interesting male visitors were unrecognized by celebrity hunters—M. Paul Reynaud, France's finance wizard, and Mr. Thomas Tait, the architect of Glasgow's Exhibition. Small, verra Scotch and forceful, the latter was bobbing round the golf course with Sir William Garthwaite. Mr Tait is also responsible for the Scottish Whitehall, a new group of Government buildings halfway up the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, on the site of the old castellated jail which strangers, when training into Waverley, mistook for the castle. The new buildings are doubtless admirably planned for departmental business, but at this stage their bare, functional appearance seems totally unsuited to the rocky site. The Scotch baronial style would have been better than these flat Shell-Mex blocks which look well enough on the Thames Embankment, but cannot take advantage of the picturesque opportunity one of Edinburgh's seven hills afford.

hill or rock a keep or Schloss is indicated; and this was a wonderful chance to modernize and simplify the rather vulgar yet romantic Scotch baronial school of architecture which had its roots in France, but evolved its battlements to suit the rugged native backgrounds and the snobbery of Balmoral-haunted Victorians. Another vital personality at the Hermitage was Comte Charles de Polignac who works his way round the champagne-drinking, therefore more civilized, parts of the world, as a charming ambassador for the family Pommery et Greno. He is an admirer of Scotland, where he hopes to visit the Duke of Sutherland at Dunrobin in the autumn, and has made pilgrimages to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, and other places where there are pictures, less than more authentic, of Mary Queen of Scots. He was gazing at one of these, wondering if it is true that she had a slight, fascinating cast, when the attendant, tired of this lengthy pause, said, "Can ye no leave yon puir queen alone?" The joy of it is that you can't. Comte Charles will be in London immediately after Ascot, staying with Mrs. James Corrigan at Dudley House. Meanwhile this remarkable hostess has been giving away gold and sapphire Cartier clips and sapphire links to the winning pair of golfers at the Duc de Gramont's course, Mortfontaine, near Paris.



A LE TOUQUET HOUSE PARTY

Lady Furness entertained a largely family party during the Whitsuntide weekend at Le Touquet. Here she is with Miss "Pat" Cavendish, her daughter by her first marriage with the late Brigadier-General Frederick Cavendish, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Linderman, plus Captain Hillyard (behind Mrs. Linderman) and Mr. Cameron, in the garden of her delightful villa

## YARMOUTH INVADED IN FORCE BY NEWMARKET



SOME OF THE INVADERS: CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORT, MISS BETTY McCALL, MR. E. B. REYNOLDS AND SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD



AND SOME MORE: MISS DIANA DE TRAFFORD, MISS U. BARCLAY, MR. H. A. BRITTAINE MRS. CECIL TRAFFORD AND LORD SOMERLEYTON



MISS MARGARET WALKER, COLONEL WORSHIP AND MRS. FRANCIS WALKER

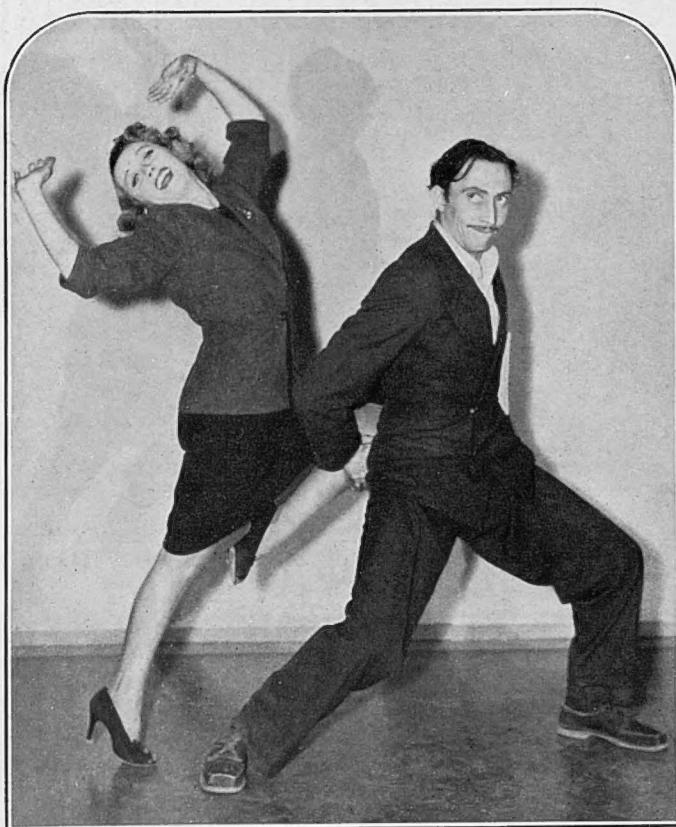


IN THE MEMBERS':  
MR. AND MRS. JOHN WALKER



MR. ROBERT ELWES, MISS GENE BULLARD AND MISS J. ANE NEILSON

Newmarket swept down like a wolf on the fold at Great Yarmouth for every one of the six races on the card was won by a Newmarket trained one. And they were not all favourites either, a fact which naturally enhanced the success of the raid. They had good fields practically all the way, real bumpers in some of them, particularly in the Borough seller, in which Sir Humphrey de Trafford had one running—twenty-five of them—and in the Great Yarmouth Maiden—twenty-one. In the group with Sir Humphrey de Trafford is one who is not merely a landmark of that most charming town, Newmarket, but of the whole racing world. Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort trains Hypnotist whom so many people fancied might win the Derby—and he has one of the biggest and strongest strings at racing G.H.Q. Lord Somerleyton (in right-hand top group) with some more of the invaders, lives close to Great Yarmouth, his seat being near Lowestoft. Mr. Robert Elwes, in another picture, talking to two charming young fellow-marauders, is a son of Lady Winefride Elwes, Lord Denbigh's only sister, and wife of the late and ever regretted Gervase, who died so long ago as 1921. Winners and losers alike enjoyed themselves and the keynote of the whole entertainment was sea-breeze and *bonhomie*



JOAN BLONDELL AND MISCHA AUER IN A SCENE  
FROM UNIVERSAL'S "EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN"

This brand-new picture, which has its première at the Regal on June 9, deals with a young couple, played by Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell, who live on the east side of New York. Bing Crosby is a taxi driver, and in his cab one day he finds a wealthy woman, Irene Hervey, and her child. All kinds of amusing complications arise, resulting in Joan Blondell and Bing Crosby literally nursing the baby. Mischa Auer has one of those quaint, slightly dotty, but good-natured parts. Robert Kent plays Irene Hervey's husband, and C. Aubrey Smith has the rôle of his father.

**T**HE critic of any of the arts is supposed to take a cold, clear, impartial view of any work presented for his consideration, independent of its subject matter.

Whether the business of a play be the murder of an honoured guest, as in *Macbeth*, or the skittering about the stage of a featherbrain as in *Behold the Bride*, the critic's attention is supposed to be equally engaged. Whether a film is concerned with bird-life in Cornwall or the stage-door intrigues of chorines, he is supposed to be equally interested. I confess that this law has always failed with me, or rather that I have failed in submitting to know it. There are parts of the world and parts of history which will always fill me with a passionate non-interest amounting to nausea and howsoever they are treated. Let any play, book, or film deal with Germany in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth centuries and I am immediately, as they say, sunk. At once I experience again the lacerating boredom of wading through Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years War" in my school-days years and years ago. If anybody on the stage mentions the Elector of Saxony I know that I shall rush into the foyer and emit shrieks like a railway engine. It is exactly the same with novels about archbishops in Mexico, or vikings in Scandinavia, or cross-gartered Saxons in Early England. Obviously, then, I must be an unfair and even a bad judge of any plays or films where the subject matter is violently antipathetic to my own appetite. On the other hand, there are plays and films which interest me perhaps more than they should, merely because of their subject matter. Such a film is *La Femme du Boulanger* or *The Baker's Wife*, which has just been put on at the Berkeley Cinema. I sat through this long film entranced beyond lawful measure. The action takes place in Provence, in which earthly paradise I spent what I now know to have been one of the happiest periods of my life. The world was in the throes of the greatest of all wars, and there was I calmly buying hay for the cavalry, safe and sound in a corner of very heaven.

Of all the towns in Southern France, Arles, the centre of Marrows Vegetable, is the most celebrated, the oftenest visited, the most notably discussed. It is the paradise of the cheap

## THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE  
A Film of Provence

philosopher. Does not the thunder of the Paris Express shake to its crazy foundations the ancient palace of Constantine? Is not the peace of the Alyscamps, that burying-place of Roman dead, violated seven days a week by the clamour of the goods yard and the clang of the giant workshop? Is not the sleepy Rhône bridged as unromantically as the Menai Straits? How reconcile antique beauty with electric light? And in these latter days how reconcile the Arlesienne of the pure Greek profile with the bullet-headed prisoner-of-war? Leaving this easy philosophy to take care of itself, let me at least say that Arles, the sentimental capital of Provence, is old in a sense undreamed of by those newcomers, the English. Henry James was wont to tease his American countrymen with our stately houses and immemorial butlers; well might he have used the cobblestones of Arles, along which he hobbled so painfully, to pelt us in our turn. We are, come to think of it, so desperately new. But Arles has no misgivings on the score of pedigree; her line comes down unbroken. The historian will tell you that through Arles Hannibal's Numidians marched to the sack of Italy, that within her walls a Roman Emperor had his palace, that during the governorship of Decimus Junius Brutus, a Greek designed and built the exquisite theatre, still to be seen. He will go on to tell you of the Amphitheatre, of the thickness of its walls, its diameter, its seating capacity. He will draw comparisons with the Colosseum at Rome. He will reconstruct for you the Vénus d'Arles, and discuss whether she may not be a reproduction of the lost Aphrodite of Praxiteles. If your historian have imagination he will tell you of the seas of blood that have flowed within the walls of the arena, and of horrors that belong more properly to the nightmare pages of a Huysmans than to sober history. If he have sentimental leanings, he will talk of Petrarch and Laura, Aucassin and Nicolette, and others of the world's famous lovers. Then he will grow lyrical over the famed Arlesienne beauty, and over the inability of alien blood to debase its coinage: "At Marseilles the Phoenicians may have planted their arsenals, founded their markets, trained their sailors. But at Arles they loved and bred. Here was the bosom upon which the weary seafarer reposed, and here paid back to posterity the debt he owed the woman of his choice." Thus ends my rhapsody!

The film about the Provençal baker takes place in any one of the little villages of which Arles is the capital. The story is simplicity itself. The village is torn with petty feuds and is unanimous only in its respect for the new baker and his bread baking. The quality of his bread is unapproachable. So is the beauty of his young wife. The whole village assembles each morning to receive its supply of the former and to get a glimpse of the latter. Unfortunately this complacent state of affairs does not last. The baker's wife falls head over ears in love with the young shepherd who comes to collect bread for the local marquis's castle. He elopes with her on the marquis's best horse. The baker is dazed with incredulity, and then stunned first with grief and second with self-consoling Pernod. He neglects his baking, and nothing can induce him to go near his oven. The bread supply of the village gives out. The marquis and the *cure* coax and wheedle in vain. Only the capture of the faithless wife can restore the baker to his sober senses and his oven. Everybody is despatched to find her, and she is found in an island in the middle of a marsh, quarrelling with her young lover and only too contritely anxious to be brought home again. The husband receives her without reproach, and the village once more has its unexampled bread. I cannot tell what impression this simple story made upon my colleagues, a handful of whom were present at the private showing. Were they perhaps, despite their knowledge of French, a little incommoded by the Provençal accent? But to me that accent is as familiar as bread and butter. I suppose that I must in my life have heard four times as much Provençal spoken as pure French, and I shall confess to sitting back and revelling at the Berkeley, always providing that revelling can go hand in hand with complete nostalgia. This, of course, could not have happened without the perfection of acting. This the film receives, down to its tiniest part, and so beautifully did M. Raimu play the baker that when I came out into the open air the sun itself seemed to belong not to London but to Arles, that mistress of the imagination never to be forsaken.

## TWO NOTABLE SOCIETY OCCASIONS



AT THE ROSE BALL: LORD AND LADY QUEENSBERRY



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND LADY HAMBLEDEN



THE HON. PETER AND MRS. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE



AT THE VSEVELODE - LYON WEDDING: THE HON. RICHARD LYON AND LADY BEAUCHAMP



THE BRIDE (FORMERLY LADY MARY LYON) LEAVING FOR HER WEDDING



THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET, MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND (BACK) MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

The pictures at the top of this page have to do with the Rose Day Ball which was held at Grosvenor House last Thursday and which is in aid of the Alexandra Day funds. The ball was graciously attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, who was attended by the Countess of Brecknock and was received by Lady Hambleden. Lord Queensberry was on the way to supper with his artist wife and the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie is with the charming lady to whom he was married last November, the former Mrs. James Field. The other big occasion dealt with is the wedding of the Prince Vsevelode of Russia to Lady Mary Lygon, third daughter of the late Lord Beauchamp and Lady Beauchamp, which took place at the Russian Church of St. Philip. The bride's new style is Princess Romanoffsky-Pavloffsky. The Prince Vsevelode is third in succession to the throne of the Romanoffs, and was brought to Britain in 1918 when his father was killed in the Revolution. His mother is Princess Helen of Serbia, who gave the bride a gift of jewellery which included a diamond ring once the property of the Empress Catherine of Russia. The Hon. Richard Lygon, the bride's younger brother, gave her away and is seen with his mother. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket who is in the group with pretty Mrs. "Doug." Fairbanks (also "Doug.") is the former Miss Aileen Guinness.



*Truman Howell*  
THE CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP  
ALL IN ONE FAMILY

Fred Rimell who beat his brother-in-law, Gerry Wilson, by two, 60 to 58, for the N.H. Jockey Championship. Fred Rimell got a right and left at Newpcrt on Whit-Tuesday, and that did the trick and won him the championship for the first time. Gerry Wilson has won it for the past six seasons

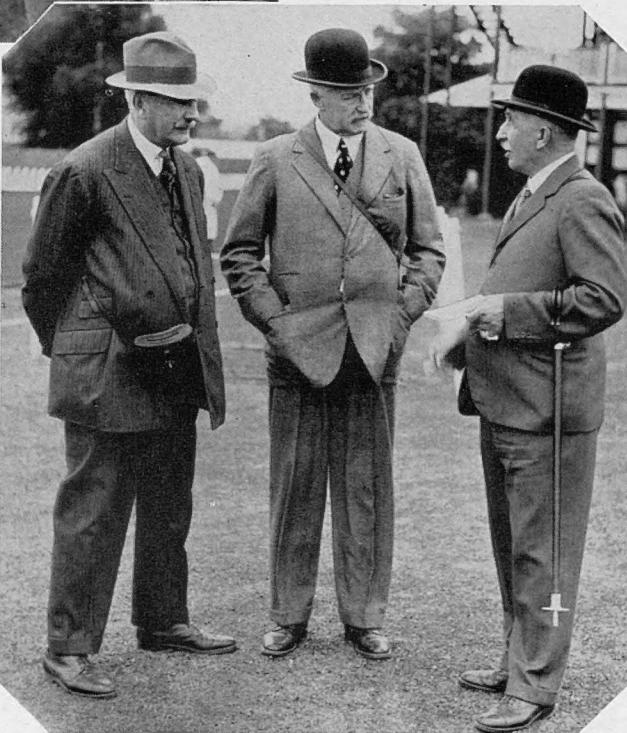
IT is a great pleasure to have one's opinion proved hopelessly wrong by what is now obviously such a good, possibly a great, horse as Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter. There was no period of the race when he hadn't got it at his mercy, his stride as he passed the post was electrifying and he looked like being able to go on for another hour or so. Fox Cub, too, was going great guns at the end, but he seemed to have been left with rather a lot to do or perhaps the going should be rather softer for him. His sire, who was a good two-year-old as well as a great stayer, has unfortunately been stood in France.

Scottish Union in the Coronation Cup showed that as a four-year-old he has come on a lot. Antonym didn't seem to get warmed up till the race was over, unless the jockey was riding to orders, but this doesn't detract from the very stylish performance of the winner.

Nothing new in the way of two-year-olds put in an appearance and the nicest I have seen this year so far was Sir Victor Sassoon's Congratulations, at Salisbury. This horse is by that good stayer Felicitation, and might have a future.

Manton nearly always win the Oaks, but this year they very nearly lost it on the post. Galatea II was undoubtedly being eased up, a terrible piece of carelessness, but White Fox, who didn't seem to come into the picture till the race was over, was flying at the finish, and in another couple of strides would have won. I would not like to say which would win if the race was run again.

Seeing a paragraph in a fashion column that "morning coats" were being worn longer, I studied the matter at Epsom,



*Poole, Dublin*  
AT THE PHOENIX PARK MEETING

Some notabilities in the paddock at this gay racing gathering last week: Captain Gerald Dunne, a well-known member of the Irish Turf Club, Lord Bicester—formerly Mr. Vivian Hugh Smith—from the Bicester country, and Major E. M. Conolly, who is an uncle of Lord Carew

jostling, or by *foul* riding on the part of his jockey. This latter charge is seldom if ever brought, for it implies deliberate rough riding with malice, and on conviction carries a warning-off sentence.

Objections had to be lodged within fifteen minutes, now cut down to five in order to enable the tote to arrange its dividends and pay out the public in time for them to bet on the next race. This rule can be waived at the discretion of the stewards, but quite possibly it has been impossible in so short a time to collect the evidence and lodge the objection, and meanwhile the tote has started paying out.

Necessary as they are, objections are always unpleasant things, and the worst things in the world to bet on unless the stewards themselves have objected and you know it about ten seconds before your bookmaker does.

# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

and I don't think some of them can be worn much longer. Dressy to a degree in Minoru's year, now they don't look like standing up to the strain of a good sneeze. It is only at Lords, Epsom and Ascot that most people ever wear tails nowadays, and they don't bother to get new ones. The faultless attire of one trainer was explained by the fact that he used his more than the rest of us as he made it a practice never to miss a funeral in case the executors or bereaved relatives might be touched by the gesture and send him some horse. This remark leads one to believe that a play called *The Men* might play to as equally crowded houses as *The Women*.

One can't pass on from Epsom without remarking how very pretty and charming they have made the paddock. It's a pity more people can't afford to go and see it.

Epsom selling plates used to be great gambling mediums and even if the prices were short the animals nearly always won and everybody went home happy. Nowadays they nearly always seem to come unstuck, and there were a couple of real good gambles during the week which did so. One also came undone at Kempton on Orduck, but as the winner made 1,350 guineas the second got a bit of solace. On appearance and the way he won, the winner doesn't look very dear at this price.

Mr. Bulteel, one of the most go-ahead and painstaking clerks of courses, staged a good programme at Hurst Park on the Monday. What with his dates falling just before or just after a big meeting a clerk of the course may have a hard job to get good horses to run at his meeting. The return match between Panorama and Portobello was just as good as it promised to be, a real ding-dong battle between two great horses and a thrilling finish in which neither gave away an inch.

This race was one of the few in which a colt does not have to give three pounds sex allowance to his perhaps less fortunate opponents originally of the same sex, and it was thought this would turn the scales against Portobello. The White Rose Stakes ended in tears as, to onlookers, a most surprising objection for rough riding was lodged and sustained. The evidence was no doubt conclusive and after half an hour or so the verdict was given upholding the objection and standing the rider down. In this case the horse, too, was disqualified. For the benefit of those who have not studied the Rules of Racing, a horse is liable to disqualification for interfering with *any* horse in a race, either by crossing or

by *foul* riding on the part of his jockey. This latter charge is seldom if ever brought, for it implies deliberate rough riding with malice, and on conviction carries a warning-off sentence.

Necessary as they are, objections are always unpleasant things, and the worst things in the world to bet on unless the stewards themselves have objected and you know it about ten seconds before your bookmaker does.

## HOLIDAY DOINGS IN PHœNIX PARK



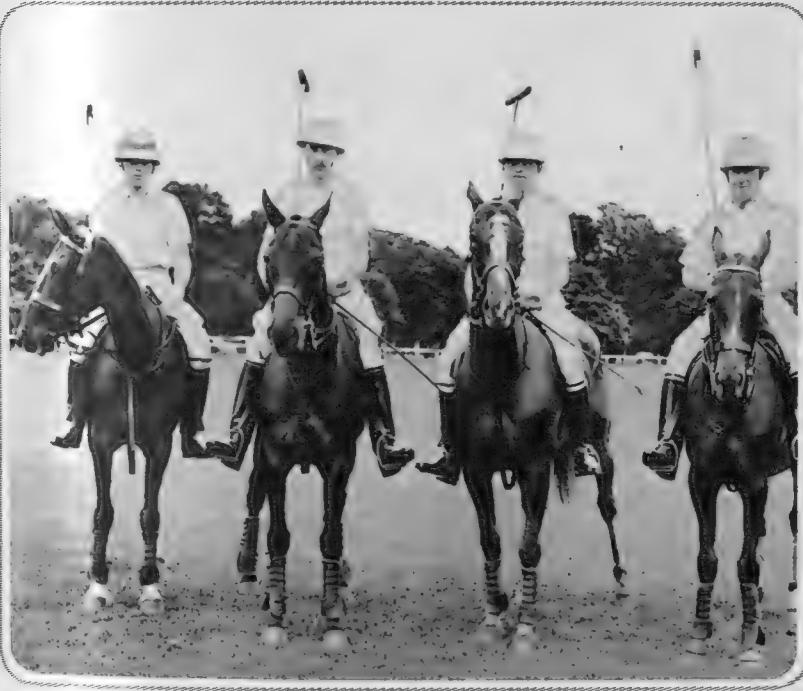
AT THE RACES: MAJOR-GEN. GEOFFREY BROOKE  
AND MISS PAMELA SEARIGHT



MR. AND THE HON.  
MRS. SIMON COMBE



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD LINDSAY-HOGG  
(MISS GERALDINE FITZGERALD)



ELM PARK WINNERS: (L. TO R.) MR. G. T. C. BROOKE,  
MR. D. W. PHIBBS, MR. A. LEVINS MOORE AND MR. JOHN McCANN



CASTLEKNOCK LOSERS: (L. TO R.) MR. A. D. COOK, MR. W. MAGEE,  
MR. W. TYRRELL AND MR. J. MARTIN

The Dublin folk had the best of weather and made the most of it in that magnificent playground called The Phœnix, where racing and polo are both right under your hand, as may be said. The invader, in the person of Miss Dorothy Paget, stole the principal race, the Brooke Plate, with her "Cavalry King," who started at the not very remunerative price of 6 to 4 on. Coincidentally, General Geoffrey Brooke, seen with artist step-daughter in one of the top pictures, is a bit of a cavalry king, as he has been I.G. Cavalry in India since 1935—a very finished horseman and originally a Scarlet Lancer. Mr. Simon Combe is a brother of Lady Castlereagh and his charming wife is Lord and Lady Coke's elder daughter. Mr. Edward Lindsay-Hogg, whose pretty young wife plays Isabella in the *Wuthering Heights* film, is a brother of the baronet. "Geraldine Fitzgerald" is now labelled Film Discovery No. 1 of 1939. The polo on the All-Ireland ground was just a nice little friendly game in which Elm Park knocked their rivals out 6 to 1. Major Tommy Kirkwood, the A.I.P.A. Secretary, was over here with us watching the Irish team win the Empire Cup at Hurlingham, which it did quite comfortably by 9 goals to 5.

Poole, Dublin



CELEBRITIES AT THE ROMANES LECTURE  
AT OXFORD

The famous author, Mr. Laurence Binyon, who is an Hon. Lit.D., Oxford, arriving at the Sheldonian Theatre with the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Professor F. S. Gordon. Mr. Binyon was elected to deliver this year's Romanes Lecture. He was up at Trinity and won the Newdigate in 1890.

age of our psychological and spiritual development, this will be small consolation for the baby who has to remain for ever at the mentality of six months! No, it is all very difficult to understand—as all our dreams always are when we work out their details step by step. Even reunions in this life are full of snags and disappointments. Who has not come back at the end of a long absence to discover, after the first raptures of return, that he is two-thirds a stranger? Anticipation was so beautiful and comforting and so sustaining: realisation—that very awkward pause which, after the first embraces and tender handholds—brings with it the horrid realisation that by to-morrow we shall all have to be making conversation!

For not only do people grow apart, but they weave in their divided lives a whole new pattern. We had so eagerly anticipated picking up the threads of intimacy where some long time ago we had laid them down! We discover very soon that, metaphorically speaking, we have to go in search of those threads and drag them back with us against their will. We are so eager to tell of our own lives—the life we have lived during the long separating years; but presently we discover that we have to fight for their recital against a cumulative desire on the part of our beloved ones to relate the main incidents which have punctuated their own existence. So that, at the end of our reunion, we confess, though only to ourselves, that when the day of departure dawns it won't be so much like another farewell as a peaceful going-back. Time carves for each of us its niches, and you can't share that niche with others unless fate has ordained that others

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Two Books on India.

**I**N heaven I can well imagine that reunions will occasionally be very awkward! The mother, for example, who has been yearning so long to be reunited with her baby boy—receiving eventually an old man, all crotchety and querulous, and wearing a long white beard. The lover, who lost and went before, meeting at long last a fat dowager, mother of seven children by another man. Even granted that in the life eternal we are of the

shall share it with you. Absence may not always make the heart less fond, but it certainly divides the route which each must follow. And, alas! there is no going back to beginnings. The best you can do is, metaphorically speaking, to blow a kiss and wipe away a tear. And if, after long, long years, you would revisit once more the place which holds so many intimate memories, it is happier to go back alone and discover that nobody there remembers you at all. It is as near as you will ever get to a beginning again, and the ghosts of the past are never strangers in time, whereas living people can often turn into living ghosts—or as good as. Though, happily for your peace of mind, only so long as reunion remains a dream of anticipation. Otherwise, both in our dreams and in our ideals reality always provides the snag.

"Indian Pilgrimage" (Michael Joseph; 15s.), by Ranjee G. Shahani, begins with a description of a return home to India after more than ten years of absence, during which interval the author had married a Frenchwoman and spent his time between France and England. Yet he had always yearned to go back home, if only to see his family and his home, and to recapture something of the view-point of his youth. He returned and was disillusioned. After the first flush of renewed demonstrative affection the intervening years of absence asserted themselves disturbingly. Different customs, different habits, different view-points. Dr. Shahani had become westernised, not only in his ways, but in his mental outlook. His family and his old friends, together with their surroundings, had gone through no such metamorphosis. Consequently he and they were, so to speak, strangers who, for some recognised reason, found themselves in a mutual embrace. For instance, Indian family life was so opposed to the European family life with which he had grown accustomed. He simply could not fit in, and because he could not fit in his family were bitterly disappointed. So, after he had confessed to himself that, though everything around him was familiar, he was himself a foreigner, he set himself the task of observing modern India from the point of view of his own wider western experiences.

The result was scarcely favourable. "Yes, there is a decline in the Indian character," he writes early in his most interesting and informative book. "Any means, however foul, are justified that will achieve the desired end. This vulgar philosophy, this negation of the spirit, this travesty of truth, is gaining ground. The Indian is selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. He is forsaking the eternal verities for the fleeting shadows of the present." From a British point of view his account is disturbing, even though, perhaps, inevitable. India is not one country, but many. It is impossible for one law to apply to all. It is a land surging with differences—racial, religious and psychological. And though Britain has helped in the development of India beyond comprehension, yet the British are still—and will remain, perhaps for ever—strangers in a strange land. However good their influence, they do not belong. And yet, without them, India would fall to pieces in perpetual inner turmoil. "In fine, the Indian, be he Hindu or Muslim, remains in essence what he is. He cannot be thoroughly Europeanised. He simply appropriates whatever comes from outside, without much regard to fitness. It is an acquisition, not an assimilation. This is what makes Indian culture such a chaos of eclecticism."

We are, consequently, led to assume that the cleft between East and West is widening, though, on the surface, it shows a less marked difference. Should a deeper

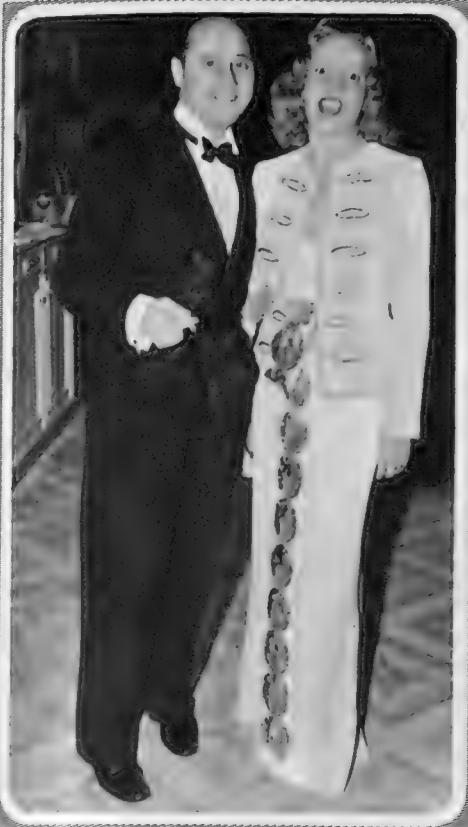
(Continued on page 434.)



REGINALD ARKELL

Who wrote the stage version of "1066 and All That"; whose book of garden verse, "Green Fingers," is in its fiftieth thousand, and now writes for this paper on the current productions of the lighter musical stage, Alan Bott doing the weightier side of things. In "Who's Who" Reginald Arkell's recreation is described as follows: "I always like to call a slam; That is the sort of fool I am!"

## DEAUVILLE GALA



AT THE AMBASSADEURS: MR. L. A. SIMMONS AND MRS. M. SOLMSEN



MISS AMY LEASCA, FROM RUMANIA, AND LORD PORTARLINGTON



MRS. "DICK" FAIREY SAT NEXT TO A POPULAR V.C., LIEUT.-COMMANDER NORMAN HOLBROOK, R.N. (RET.)



THE HON. LIONEL BERRY HAD SUPPER WITH HIS COUSIN, LADY BIRKENHEAD. RIGHT: MME. MAX AUSNIT AND COUNT KURT HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW



MR. J. INNES, THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL, AND HONEYMOONERS MR. AND MRS. RICHARD PURCELL-BLOW



Grand Gala aux Ambassadeurs, in other words, Deauville's first Big Night of the season, was the cause of this decorative page. Meet a "new" beauty from Bucharest, Miss Amy Leasca, with whom Lord Portarlington was proud to dance. Blonde Mrs. Solmsen, wife of the film director, wore a white two-piece embroidered with silver sequins, and Mrs. "Dick" Fairey, the former Froken Aino Bergo, Swedish actress, quickly caught the eye in Cambridge blue satin; she and her husband and the Norman Holbrooks were in a party

given by his aircraft-famous father, Mr. C. R. Fairey. Lord Camrose's second daughter, and her cousin, Lord Kemsley's son, were ashore from her father's yacht. Mme. Max Ausnit lived up to her reputation of Bucharest's best-dresser, but the Richard Purcell-Blows, returning from a motoring honeymoon, seemed loath to change and join the Gala, though Lord Westbury's sister, the Hon. Nefertari Bethell, urged this. Mrs. Purcell-Blow was formerly Miss Diana Bethell. Her husband lately succeeded to Hilles in Gloucestershire

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

understanding ever materialise it must come, not so much from the British Government, as from the British man and woman in India's midst. Education should be the only true equaliser between man and man, but money, alas! seems to be the only thing by which men can speak to each other on equal terms. Nevertheless, East and West have so much to teach each other, but only a true intermingling will ever provide understanding. It is this lack of true intermingling which is not only creating much of the unrest in modern India, but will increase as the years go on, and the British element of government, however just, will thus become more and more foreign in its application. And yet, India, left to itself, would quickly degenerate into Bolshevism.

It is a terrific problem, human as well as national, but, although Dr. Shahani provides no solution, he points out from his own experiences as a returned exile and from his own personal observations, where the growing danger lies, not only for the British rule in India, but amongst the British residents themselves. To be forewarned is a good step towards being forearmed—or, better still, never to need the use of arms at all. From the view-point of the average reader—and I am one—this struck me as being one of the most interesting and illuminating books written on the subject of modern India which I have so far read.

### Thoughts from "Indian Pilgrimage."

**T**o study an epoch adequately one must go, not among the *élite*, but among the humble folk—men and women who live and toil and, without much pomp, go their way to dusty death."

"Desire and regret are the two golden chains that bind us all."

"Independence is not the birthright of anyone: it is something to be earned and achieved and preserved with great care."

"To know the significance of laughter one has to probe deep into the substance of tears."

"Very few Indians understand that to use time well may be our most direct road to eternity."

"Knowledge is the Siamese sister of appreciation."

### The Second Book on India.

**T**o a certain extent Evelyn Bell's autobiography, "Memory Be Good" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is a companion volume to Dr. Shahani's "Indian Pilgrimage." It is the personal and delightfully individual account of life in India, as an intelligent and sympathetic Englishwoman found it during her years of sojourn there as the wife of an English professor. It is, so to speak, one answer to Dr. Shahani's question of the relationship between West and East as it must be affected in these modern days of broader education and greater political awareness. Evelyn Bell went out to join her husband as a young girl. She recaptures vividly all the headstrong, tempestuous, good-time attitude of youth in whatever new circumstances life may place it.

On the boat she was certainly the life and soul of the party, though the elderly Anglo-Indian ladies travelling on the same boat disapproved of both.

Arriving in India, she found life so very different from the life she had anticipated as a young married woman. Her husband busy all day at the university, her chief problem in the beginning was loneliness. Her loneliness did not decrease when she joined in the social life of the district, and it was not long before the snobbish, narrow, noisy, unintellectual atmosphere of club life began to bore her exceedingly. Gradually she began to take her life in India more seriously and to realise that, as an Englishwoman, she had responsibilities other than to keep up her rôle as one of the ruling class. What she observes fills her with misgiving. Such piteous poverty all around her. Such a dangerous gap between the Indians and the British in their midst. And western education merely widening that gap. "Then why," she asks, "for goodness' sake inject India with the virus of western education?" Adding: "Why, indeed, if one excepts scientific education, for the Englishman cannot fail to feel a thrill of pride when he observes the green crops growing where there was once sandy desolation, or recognises the great value of the railways, which enable food supplies to be rushed to famine-stricken areas. And then there are the hospitals, the doctors, and the English nurses. If ever posterity judges the English in India, I hope it will take off the black cap when it remembers these."

Yet, apart from its political and psychological problems, this autobiography is so fascinating for the picture it gives of a girl who went out to India, and the difficulties she encountered; the mental adjustments she had to make for herself; her growing interest in purely Indian problems, especially the problems of women and children and the poverty which she found and tried so hard to alleviate. Her own problems, too—the terrors of *memsahib* etiquette; the effect of climate on character and temperament; which she and her husband found between themselves and the Indians after long years of hard work and many difficulties—a love and confidence which tragically seemed to fade away after the war as the virus of politics gradually undermined the old friendship and trust.

The vivid picture she gives of India during the war years; her personal encounters with Lord Lloyd and Lord and Lady Willingdon, and her admiration for the manner in which they tackled their terrific problems. Incidentally, she and her husband were two of the few survivors of the "Egypt," which was rammed and sunk on its way back to India. And the whole story is delightfully told—told, too, with a sense of humour which lends it, even in its more serious and tragic aspects, an atmosphere of common sense and high courage. Briefly, "Memory Be Good" is a wholly interesting and delightful book.



Hariip

MISS ELIZABETH WELLESLEY

A recently-taken picture of the very attractive only daughter of Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley and hence a niece of the Duke of Wellington, as her father is the elder of his two brothers. Lord Gerald Wellesley was formerly in the Diplomatic Service

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## AT COWES: THE OPENING OF THE YACHT-RACING SEASON'

SIR HERCULES  
LANGRISHEMRS. DENISON, LADY CAMPBELL, COMMANDER DENISON  
AND SIR CHARLES CAMPBELLMAJOR TOWERS CLARK AND  
SIR RALPH GORECAPTAIN AND MRS. ARTHUR  
FITZGERALD FROM BERKS.MAJOR SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE (CENTRE) WITH  
MAJOR AND MRS. CYRIL DRUMMONDMISS OLIVE CHETWYND  
AND MR. O. B. TRINDER

Cowes was favoured with lovely weather when the Royal Yacht Squadron's regatta for the International and Solent Classes opened the racing season at sailing headquarters at Whitsuntide. No fewer than forty-nine yachts took part in the eight events, and exceptional sailing skill was called for in getting a good start against a foul wind, and foul tide at low water. Sir Ralph Gore at the helm of "Sagitta" showed this skill in the 8-Metre Class, but subsequently had the bad luck to go aground on the Shrape mud. In the West Solent Restricted Class, Miss Olive Chetwynd's "Squirrel," admirably steered by Miss Collidge, gained the winning flag, Mr. O. B. Trinder being second in his "Niola." Plenty of Royal Yacht Squadron vessels were cruising around, amongst them Major Cyril Drummond's "Penguin," and Major Sir Philip Hunloke's cutter, "Wind Star." There is perhaps no more popular member of the Squadron than Sir Philip Hunloke, whose brilliance as a helmsman kept grand old "Britannia" winning until the very end of that famous royal yacht's career. Irish Sir Hercules Langrishe, Sir Charles Campbell (a Bembridgean) and Captain Arthur Fitzgerald are other familiar figures at Squadron Castle to be found on this page

# CONCERNING GOLF

By

HENRY LONGHURST



ALEX KYLE, NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION

The new champion being presented with the Cup by (left) Mr. Otho Glover, captain of the Royal Liverpool G.C. The runner-up, Mr. Anthony Duncan, Welsh Guards, is in the centre. Mr. Alex Kyle, who is thirty-two, and a Scotsman, won at Hoylake by 2 and 1

DURING the English Championship played some weeks ago at Birkdale, much interest was aroused by the sight of my distinguished colleague, Mr. Bernard Darwin, plying his way round the course accompanied by a gentleman bearing a strange contraption on his back. This was the first portable transmitter to be used on an English golf-course. I had often been asked why the game of golf was never made the subject of running commentaries by the B.B.C., "like they do in America," and had always replied that I did not know, though I had seen it being done in the United States. I was therefore the more interested, first, to hear Mr. Darwin's broadcast, and second, to hear his views afterwards on the general possibilities of this type of commentary. Meanwhile, I had myself been invited to make similar broadcasts during the Amateur Championships at Hoylake.

Mr. Darwin, as you know, has as ready a flow of words as anyone in the world. Watch him writing his polished reports for *The Times*. Scorning the comparative seclusion of the Press tent, he will sit in the crowded clubhouse lounge, jostled by a stampeding crowd of golfers bawling at the tops of their voices to make heard the tale of their woes, and you will notice that his pen does not stop for an instant. The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on: and all their din and shouting will not lure back the golf correspondent of *The Times* to cancel half a line of it.

So I was a little perturbed when he came back from the sandhills of Birkdale one day and said that in his opinion golf was not a game which in any circumstances laid itself open to a good running commentary. After attempting it at Hoylake, I now confirm that view. As a matter of fact, I made what was really the first running account of golf matches two years ago at Little Aston, in the *Daily Mail* tournament, when we had a hut perched upon stilts overlooking two greens and three tees—the sort of vantage point not to be found on every golf course. Here we were fairly lucky, for not only was there plenty of play going on somewhere within our view, but Arthur Havers was kind enough to completely fluff an approach right under our noses.

This year, however, the B.B.C., with commendable enterprise, have been trying-out a portable transmitter, carried by one of their engineers, with which one can actually walk round and follow the play. Its range, I gather, without knowing anything about these things, is limited to a maximum of a mile and a half. The broadcast is then picked up by another machine at the club-house and re-transmitted in the ordinary way.

All this sounds excellent in theory but in practice I found it difficult—indeed, impossible—to work out. The principal snag is that in a ten-minute commentary one cannot afford any pauses: the narrative must be continuous. Now, assuming that there is a large crowd following the game, as there was at Hoylake, one must keep right in the front, close to the players, if one is to have any view of the game at all. And if one stands close to the players one must be absolutely silent, not only on the stroke but also while they are preparing for it. One is therefore driven away from the players, the nearest safe range on a calm day being about fifty yards. But at fifty yards' range, unless one is perched on a sandhill as high as the Maiden at Sandwich, one can see nothing at all, on account of the crowd.

Another serious handicap is that the B.B.C. must necessarily announce the times of these broadcasts many days in advance, and those times may not coincide with any exciting happenings on the golf course. We were due to broadcast for the first time at Hoylake at 11 a.m. on the morning of the quarter-finals.

Establishing myself on a mound overlooking the fourth green, I awaited the coming of A. A. Duncan *versus* Richard Chapman, the American. At four minutes to 11 they drove from the fourth tee. At three-quarters of a minute to 11 Duncan narrowly missed his two; at a quarter of a minute to 11 Chapman rolled in a lovely putt for a two; and at 11 o'clock precisely they were both on their way to the far-distant fifth tee. At that moment we were scheduled to start. What a hopeless dilemma!

Well, we carried on, much to the amusement of the bystanders, for our scheduled ten minutes. It was not till we had returned to the club-house for much-needed refreshment that we learned that the machine had not been functioning properly, and that after four minutes we had been faded out "on account of a technical hitch"!



Poole, Dublin  
IRELAND'S LADY CHAMPION :  
MISS C. MACGEAGH

The new Irish champion won a grand battle by one up over the 36 holes at Bundoran, Co. Donegal, when she beat Miss E. Gildea. Miss MacGeagh will naturally be a unit of the Irish team in the British Women's Championships at Portrush this month



ELLSWORTH VINES IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

People who can play one ball-game well usually can play another also. Here is the proof. The picture was actually taken in the second round, when Ellsworth Vines won his tie, beating E. N. Ratcliffe 4 and 3

## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## BARTON-ON-SEA GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

The Barton-on-Sea Golf Club, New Milton, Hants, is a seaside course ten miles east of Bournemouth, facing the western end of the Isle of Wight and the Needles. The spot is ideally situated on the cliffs in a holiday country that is still completely unspoiled. The club was founded in 1925 as a nine-hole course, and later, in 1931, designed as a full eighteen-hole course by Mr. H. S. Colt. There are about 300 members of the club, including many from far and wide. Many visitors play on these lovely links in the holiday seasons, and if you want a good testing course set in a grand position in a sunny spot standing wide open to the stimulating Channel breezes, it would be very difficult to beat Barton-on-Sea Golf Club.

NEXT WEEK: ROYAL CROMER GOLF CLUB.

## WEST SUSSEX HOSPITAL BALL AT ADSDEAN



CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE AND  
MISS URSULA KENYON



LORD WOLVERTON AND LADY MARY  
ROSE FITZ ROY



LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN,  
THE HOST AND HOSTESS



THE EARL OF HARDWICKE AND  
THE COUNTESS SOLLOHUR



MR. H. PHILLIPS, LIEUT.-COMDR.  
MICHAEL HODGES, AND MME. LETELLIER



CAPTAIN AND MRS. HESKETH  
SIT BACK BETWEEN DANCES

This ball, in aid of the funds of that much-deserving institution, the West Sussex Hospital, was held at Adsdean by kind permission of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, and being near Chichester and likewise spacious was most admirably fitted for the purpose. The owner's polo team, incidentally, takes its name from the house. The County and also the Navy (Lieut.-Comdr. Hodges, "Warspite," and Lieut. Franklin, "Glasgow") backed up nobly. The new Minister of Transport, Captain Euan Wallace, came over from Lavington, which is near Petworth, Lord Hardwicke from Dale Park, near Arundel, and there were many more from around and about, and some even from India's coral strand, as Captain Hesketh (see with charming wife) is Indian Cavalry



MISS LESLIE LINDSAY AND LIEUT. PHILIP  
FRANKLIN, R.N., TOOK THE CAMERA CALMLY

Photos.: Swaebe



LADY CAYETANA FITZ-JAMES STUART *Fayer*

Two recent portraits of the charming young daughter of the Duke of Alba who is also the tenth Duke of Berwick in the British Peerage. The Duke of Alba is the Ambassador to London of the new Spanish Government—a happy choice, for his Grace is well-known and well-liked in this country. During the recent hostilities in Spain the Duke of Alba's palace in Madrid was totally destroyed and many of the priceless treasures which it contained have gone. The worst loss is the Columbus map drawn with the explorer's own hand and tracing the rough outline of the coast of the New World as he sighted it. The Duke is a descendant of the renowned discoverer of America



## SCOTLAND TAKES THE FLOOR

The Royal Caledonian Ball  
Brings the Kilt to London



MISS HELEN LESLIE MELVILLE  
AND MR. KENNETH MACKENZIE



MR. GEORGE TURNBULL, MISS PAMELA STOKES AND  
LIEUT. D. K. SETH-SMITH, R.N., H.M.S. "RESOLUTION"



MISS MAUDE ORR AND  
MR. MICHAEL MONTEITH



SIR JOHN AND LADY REITH



LADY ALEXANDRA CADOGAN AND MR. DAVID  
SMILEY BOOKING UP A DANCE



LADY MARY GREAVES AND  
MR. CHARLES HARDING



The Royal Caledonian Ball, Scotland's own particular London fixture at which the mere Sassenach is definitely an inferior being, took place at Grosvenor House on the Friday before Whitsun. Piping and dancing by children of the Royal Caledonian Schools, one of the Scottish charities profiting, opened the proceedings, then followed on the set reels, the procession being led in by the band of the Atholl Highlanders. Every Scottish infantry regiment was represented, the feminine accomplices, many of them débütantes, being, of course, of Scottish descent. Shown on this page are some of the participants in the two Highland Reel sixteensomes—namely, Lady Mary Greaves (Lady Dysart's youngest daughter), Miss Ursula Bruce of Glenorchy, Miss Helen Leslie Melville, and Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie. Miss Marion Monro danced in the Cameronians eightsome. Onlookers whose turn came later included Lord Carrington, Grenadier Guards; Mr. John Pelly, Coldstream; and Mr. David Smiley, the Blues, who booked early with Lord Cadogan's younger sister. Sir John Reith, once on the air and now in it, so to speak, missed nothing of the proceedings.

ON THE LEFT: MR. JOHN PELLY, MRS. ALASTAIR MONRO,  
MISS MONRO, MRS. HEATHER, MISS BRUCE, AND LORD CARRINGTON

## HOLIDAY MOMENTS IN OLD TANGIER



THE HON. DAVID HERBERT



H.E. THE BRITISH MINISTER AND MRS. EDWARD KEELING AND SERVANTS



THE CONTESSA DE MUNTZ



THE HON. DAVID HERBERT AND MR. CECIL BEATON AT "EL KASBAH"

Pictures taken recently in that beautiful spot which was aforetime the G.H.Q. of those discerning pirates, but which has been thoroughly civilised for years and years. H.E. the British Minister, Edward Keeling, was appointed to his picturesque charge in 1936, and the group was taken at the Consulate. Mrs. Keeling is the former Countess Magda Gaetani D'Aragona. Mr. David Herbert, Lord Pembroke's younger son, and Mr. Beaton have had a house, "El Kasbah," opposite the Governor's Palace for two months. The Contessa de Muntz is the wife of a former Spanish Ambassador to Rome, and Lady Scott is the widow of Sir Basil Scott

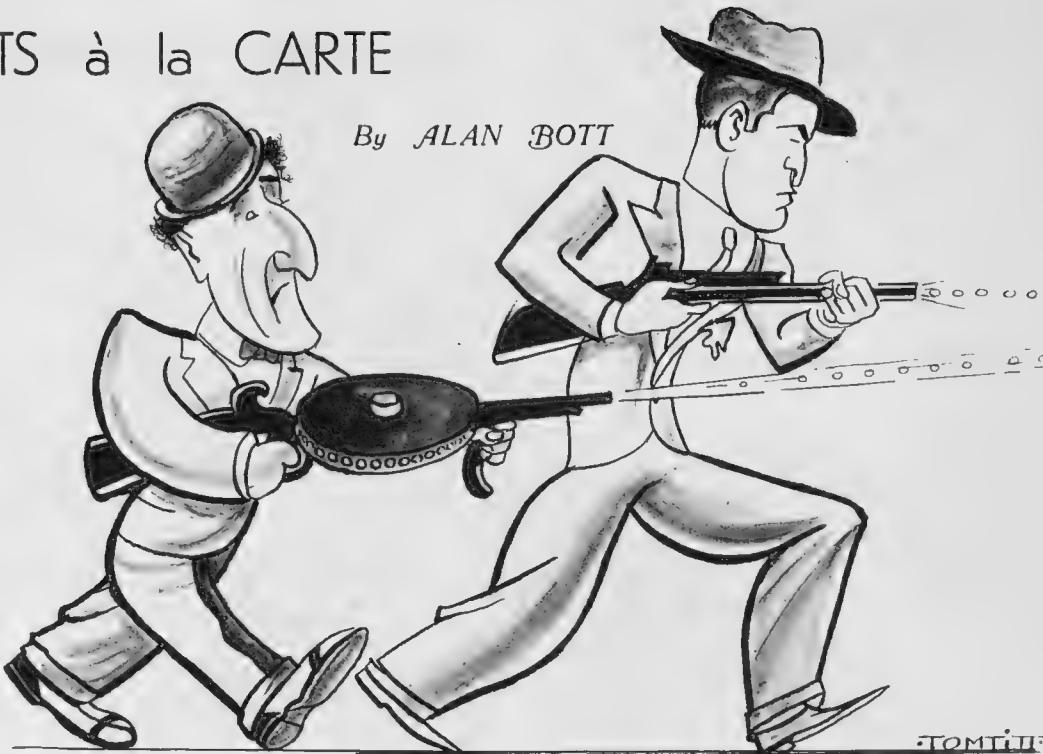


LADY SCOTT AND THE HON. DAVID HERBERT

# ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

## Fun Among the Fish



AFTER GROUSE IN JUNE: BILLY GUEST, ROBERT BEATTY

**A** GREAT many retired generals have been featured on the comic stage, and ninety-five per cent. of them resemble one another. So, likewise, with professors, timid spinsters, and arrogant Englishwomen in tweeds. Here they all are again, according to formula, in Mr. (or probably Mrs.) N. C. Hunter's new play, *Grouse in June*. But the comedy at the Criterion also contains some fanatics of fishing, a species whom the playwrights seem to have neglected, at any rate, in their summer lairs. This general is the stock theatre-general in so far as he recalls Peshawar and announces, "The trouble with India is that there are too many Indians." As a fisherman, however, he is rare and refreshing. So is his Scottish rival of the trout-streams, whose dourness as a man is balanced by his ecstasy over a five-pound catch. They are peculiar people who, in order to wade into small rivers, inhabit leaky little inns for one month a year throughout their natural lives. As the general explains, he could think about other things than fishing, but he doesn't particularly want to (a remark which, as delivered in the benign, superbly wooden manner of Mr. Eric Cowley, gets a louder laugh than the racier line from a non-fisherman, who says he's heard so much about fish that his stomach goes in and out with the tide).

The spinster, like the general's tweed wife, is a type that has done service in many comedies: mouselike and gentle, oppressed by a blustering brother, nursing her love for a nice little man but willing to wither away rather than show it. As usual, a younger girl shows her how, by changing from mouse into bird of paradise, she can get her man. Only, from my corner of the dress circle, Miss Constance Lorne looked pretty personable as a good-looking mouse but less so when, after the transformation, she descended the stairway in a dress that fitted like the skin of a particularly slim sausage, beneath hair curled high in what looked like rolls of the best-quality butter. As for the professor, I should guess that Mrs. (or possibly Mr.) N. C. Hunter may have remembered Barrie and the back numbers of *Punch*. This professor is all that the comic papers and the sentimental novelists have made him—meek, vague, short-sighted, an enthusiastic bird-watcher, fitted with the usual Professor's Love Story. He is still sure-fire for laughter when played as pleasantly and tenderly as Mr. Richard Goolden here plays him.

There are also some Americans, questing after Spanish gold supposed to be sunk in the bay. No British dramatist should invent Americans; and if he



BILLIE RYAN, ERIC COWLEY



does, they should not be tough Americans. Otherwise the results are apt to be caricature as wide of the mark as those English dudes in the American theatre of twenty years back, who always wore monocles and spats and at the same time dropped their aitches. The first American to enter, a young college graduate with a degree equivalent to that of a Senior Wrangler, says, "Good Evening, Folks," and wears his yachting cap while telling the company what happened to the Spanish Armada. The second, his young wife (also a graduate), proceeds to tell them what happens to her pants when the east wind blows. The third rings all the changes between intimidation and assault, until the spinster knocks him out with a stuffed fish and neatly trusses him with yards of pink ribbon. Thereafter, he intimidates only the young June grouse—with a sub-machine-gun. But, again, all this is good fun, given neat contrivance as a means of cementing an English light-comedy with pseudo-American farce. Miss Billie Ryan brings excellent high spirits to one of the American roles; Mr. Hugh McDermott discreetly tones down another.





Fuerst, Paris

JACQUELINE DELUBAC

This distinguished actress, who was formerly Mme. Sacha Guitry, is now in the throes of a new picture which is being made by Jeff Musso with the title of *Dernière Jeunesse*, after the famous book by O'Flaherty. Her partner will be that very popular actor on both sides of the Channel, Raimu.

**T**RÈS CHER, — Having chosen to return to Paris on the very day when most people were "hitting the pike" for their Whitsuntide holiday, I spent most of the last part of the journey feeling both furious and apologetic. Furious because I was more often on the brink of the ditch than I care to remember, and apologetic because I certainly was very much in the way of the merry road hogs that dashed out of the city three abreast and be-damned to whatever—or whoever—might get in their way.

I had a glorious week down at the Farm-on-the-Island. Divine weather and peace-perfect-peace! The last day was marred by a few callers all spandy and nice in the latest *tenue de plage*, as suggested by the 'igh clarse fashion-pages of this yere jurnal. However, I didn't see anything I liked better than my own dungarees, made by the local seamstress out of that charming, striped, grey-and-blue material that is more usually used for covering mattresses.

I am willing to admit that they would have looked even better—but less business-like—unadorned by splashes of that lovely red paint one sloshes on metal objects to prevent rust before putting on a final coat of more decorous hue. You may gather from this, Très Cher, that having received certain taxation papers with the promise of more to come and a gentle remind about paying up arrears, the pocket-book is giving its celebrated imitation of a pancake, and the current account has gone with the stream. I



A NEW STUDIO PORTRAIT OF MICHELE MORGAN

The talented and very-good-to-look-on young French film actress who made such a meteoric rise to fame in *Orage*, with Charles Boyer, and *Quai des Brumes*, which was on here earlier in the year. Her latest picture, *Coral Reef*, with Jean Gabin, will also be given in this country, and if the latter repeats his marvellous performance in *La Bête Humaine*, this film should run for ever.

## Priscilla in Paris

therefore do my own chores (and no complaints, I assure you!), from painting the new rain-water butt to mowing the meadow. It's a wee bitty early for the latter, but the grass we grow, on what is really more dune than meadow, is coarser than coarse, and, when cut and dried, serves the *plage* donkeys for bedding rather than food. Anyway, early or not early, it had to be cut, because we lost so many things in it. First the Skye mislaid his ball; and then I mislaid the Skye, at the same time and places. Given that the big French dog-show, "La Centrale Canine," takes place next week, that the dawg's coat is in the pink of perfection, and that he has two challenge cups that we hope to win again, you can understand that I preferred to mow the meadow rather than have to mow the dog. Have you ever tried to comb "prickles," bits of dried grass, and other burrs out of a Skye's coat? It's one of those tasks that onlookers describe as a labour of love, and then, under their breath, add "poor fool"! I often wonder what a Skye looks like on his native heath. Are they allowed to run wild on their wild little island?

I found Paris filling-up nicely with Whitsuntide visitors, foreign and provincial. British visitors who like to home-from-home wherever they go will have the *primeur* of an English version of Sacha Guitry's *Nouveau Testament* that is being given by Edward Sterling, with his "English Players" at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. Mr. Sterling, his wife, Miss Margaret Vaughan, and his English company, are one of the theatrical events of the summer in Paris. This year his season opened rather earlier than usual—we make no complaints—with a remarkable two-act drama, *Inferno*, adapted from the Portuguese of Juan Nicolo. Excursions an' alarms. Blood an' thunder. I have rarely before come across two such meaty little acts. Judge ye for yourself. The inhabitants of a certain town, in a certain country, living in fear of war, are engaged on a practice drill according to the now well-known rules of *défense passive*. Pretence, however,

becomes the real thing, and the enemy actually attacks the city. The second act takes place in a cellar, and it would be quicker to write what doesn't happen in that cellar than what does. All the good an' evil passions of man rise to the surface like the cream of country milk (such butter as I've been eating at the Farm-on-the-Island), and one hangs on to the arms of one's orchestral stall as one does to the brass railing of the car at the third dip on the switchback.

Plans of a machine-to-destruct-war are stolen from this cellar. Two young people who love each other suddenly discover that they are brother and sister. A baby dies. Women reel and writhe and faint in coils. One man shoots another and some panic-stricken wretches who try to get away are crushed under falling masonry. Young Jacqueline Porel, Réjane's grand-daughter, who speaks English so well (did not she play in London a few seasons back?) is appearing with the English Players this summer, and is excellent in this play, that might have been merely melodramatic if it had been badly interpreted.

This sombre evening was brought to a gay close with Sean O'Casey's *The End of the Beginning*. Good team work by Mister Sterling and his lady.

PRISCILLA.

## LE TOUQUET REVISITED



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRUTTON OUT IN THE MIDDAY SUN



THANK GOD WE HAVE AN ARMY! : MR. PETER MARSHAM, MR. NIGEL BAKER, MR. NIGEL MORDAUNT AND MR. TOM BLACKWELL



MISS RENÉE BURN AND THE HON. DAVID WILSON BLOW AWAY THE CASINO COBWEBS



LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS AND MRS. JOHN LITHIBY POSE AT THE GOLF CLUB



CAPTAIN ALEXANDRE SOLDATENKOV PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE HERMITAGE WITH MRS. SIMON BARING AND MRS. HUGH DE ROUGEMONT



ANOTHER HERMITAGE GROUP : MR. JOHN THYNNE WITH MISS ANNE CHRISTIAN

What ever did people do before Le Touquet appeared on the map? One can hardly think of such a thing, and how thankful one should be that there is such a place within the proverbial bow shot of London where a normal life can be led without being told that you can't do this and can't do that, and as for wanting a drink after midnight, how perfectly awful! What is the world coming to? Anyhow, this gay spot claimed most of *Le Monde qui s'amuse* for Whitsun and soused them with sun. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brutton were among the many who came over; he used to play cricket for Hampshire, and now occasionally plays for Dorset. His wife, the former Jackie McAlpine, is well known in the point-to-point world and is no mean tennis player. The golf foursome in the second photograph are all members of the Brigade except Mr. Nigel Mordaunt, who is a gunner (T.A.) and attached to the London Scottish. Miss Renée Burn is the attractive daughter of Major Clive Burn. The Hon. David Wilson is Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme's younger son, and one of our expert skiers. Lady Worthington-Evans and Mrs. John Lithiby are cousins by marriage, and the latter's villa near the Golf Hotel is hospitably known as the nineteenth. Two of the prettiest and smartest visitors were Mrs. Simon Baring and Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont, but there was a very good runner-up in the shape of Miss Anne Christian

## CELEBRATING

Behold the supper guests  
after "Behold the Bride":  
Mr. Henry Sherek's gay party



LORD AND LADY HEADFORT



LADY DUNN AND MR. GODFREY WINN SMILE AT THE CAMERA



THE HOST, MR. HENRY SHEREK (RIGHT), WITH LEADING LADY MISS LUISE RAINER AND MR. RICHARD BIRD

EYES FRONT AND EYES RIGHT:  
MR. AND MRS. CEDRIC KEHOE

MR. AND MRS. A. S. FRERE-REEVES WINSTON'S DAUGHTER: MRS. VIC OLIVER TALKING TO MR. ROBERT NESBITT



MISS JOYCE BARBOUR AND LORD PETRE

After the very successful opening night at the Shaftesbury of *Behold the Bride*, which he presents jointly with Tom Arnold, Henry Sherek celebrated in highly hospitable fashion by giving an enormous supper-party at the Dorchester. Mr. Sherek was in grand heart and with good reason, for before it made its London bow Jacques Deval's play had had such a splendid try-out in Glasgow and Manchester that all production expenses had been wiped off. The star turn in *Behold the Bride* is film-famous Luise Rainer, who makes her London stage début, masquerading as a French maid, at top speed and triumphantly. Miss Rainer is seen here with her host and actor-producer Richard Bird, who produced this amusing comedy. Another photograph features Mrs. Richard Bird, alias Joyce Barbour, who recently did London such a non-stop good turn in *George and Margaret*. The stage is further represented by Iris March, wife of one of England's leading bridge players, Mr. Cedric Kehoe. Pat Wallace, author-daughter and biographist of the late Edgar Wallace, came with her husband, Mr. A. S. Frere-Reeves, of Heinemann's. The company also included Lord and Lady Headfort from Ireland, Lord Petre, from Essex, Sir James Dunn's wife, journalist Godfrey Winn, and the former Miss Sarah Churchill, whose husband, Vic Oliver, is going great guns in *Black and Blue* with Frances Day

# Opera Glasses



The seats are stalls. The carnation is just a carnation, but the whisky is Johnnie Walker. I may not know much about music, but I know what I like. I like Johnnie Walker. I like its mature mellowness, its distinguished dryness. Did you know that all the finest whiskies of Scotland are in the Johnnie Walker blend? Well, they are.

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*your Johnnie Walker —*



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## "THE PUPPETS"

*By FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.*

This beautiful work by the famous Italian artist Chevalier Fortunino Matania, was on view at the 130th Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which opened at 195 Piccadilly on March 18, and is now over. The painting is quite typical of the artist, and there is one further point to be noted about it, namely, that the very artistic frame is also the work of the painter and was made from various bits and pieces of material he had in his studio. Chevalier Matania was elected a member of the Royal Institute in 1917



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Hyman Fink

MR. AND MRS. DICK POWELL SHOW HOW THE RUMBA SHOULD BE DONE AT LA CONGA CAFÉ



LOVELY SUSAN HAYWARD PLAYS FEMININE LEAD IN "BEAU GESTE"

## PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE FILM NEWS



LOUISE PLATT HAS SECOND FEMININE LEAD IN "STAGECOACH"  
BELOW, RIGHT: BARBARA STANWYCK AND JOEL McCREA

Here are a few close-ups of the celluloid stars and a short account of the most recent activities as regards new pictures. Dick Powell, who, with his wife as partner, appears to be doing a pretty good rumba, is going to M.-G.-M. to co-star with Frank Morgan in *Leave It to Me*, which was based on a play formerly filmed as *Clear All Wires*, starring Lee Tracy. Louise Platt, who is the daughter of a naval commander, has the second feminine lead in Walter Wanger's spectacular *Stagecoach*. It is said that her acting in this will bring her very much to the fore. Lovely Susan Hayward has the much-envied rôle of feminine lead in Paramount's re-make of *Beau Geste*, with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, and Robert Preston. Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck were seen at the Plaza recently in Paramount's gigantic *Union Pacific*, which, as the title indicates, is concerned with the making of the famous railway of that name.



# Pictures in the Fire



THE WINGFIELD-MORRIS HOSPITAL FÊTE AT OXFORD

Lady Rosebery, wife of the owner of the "non-staying" (!) Derby winner, performed the opening ceremony, and has now more or less recovered from the bad fall out hunting in which her foot was broken, and is standing next to the famous orthopaedic surgeon, Professor Girdlestone

The full names in the picture are: (l. to r.) Comdr. John Henderson, the generous Lord Nuffield, Miss Jolliff (the matron), the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Rosebery and Professor G. R. Girdlestone

**T**HE reason for the seas being so much smoother may be due to the fact that there are now so many ships on them that there is hardly room for the waves. In this connection, we might recall the incident when a British matlow said to an astonished inhabitant of Sydney: "No! I 'aven't seen your 'arbour—the 'Ood's on it!" This story might, it is suggested, be laid to heart by the two Little Tin Gods Upon Wheels.

\* \* \* \*

**T**he purchase of The Pirates' Library, and its presentation by an anonymous benefactor to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, is an event which cannot but arrest the attention of a world which has reason to know so much about pirates from its ever-recurrent experiences of them. The pirate of the ancient days of the Spanish Main and the Algerine Corsair was just as great a swab (technical pirate expression!) as his modern imitator. The pirate of to-day does not bellow: "Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum on the dead man's chest!" (suit-case), and he does not sell the modern "Mary Buster" (a female captive) for 1300 "dobles" (doubloons, possibly); but in most other respects he is so like his prototype that no near-sighted man could possibly tell the difference. Rum was the favourite fluid used for smoothing out any little disciplinary difficulties aboard pirate craft, *vide* the log of "Blackbeard" Teach, who said that he got his



THE HARLEQUINS XI. WHICH BEAT RADLEY

The victory over the school was almost a slaughter, as the club got 224 for 4 (dec.) and the school was skittled out for 59

The names are: (l. to r., standing) A. J. Wreford-Brown, E. Tucker, W. R. H. Joynson, L. E. McLean, E. D. R. Eager and J. B. Guy; (sitting) R. B. Scott, I. A. W. Gilliat (captain), E. H. Moss, J. M. Lomas and S. Pether

Stuart



OXFORD'S WINNING LAWN TENNIS TEAM

The Dark Blues once again beat the Light ones and got home decisively by 14 matches to 7.

Above are the chaps who did the good work: (l. to r., front) J. Briggs (also a golf Blue), L. King (captain), and R. Sturdy; (back) G. H. Lawton, J. Maude-Roxby and N. Kitovitz

crew of cut-throats all "devilish hot" and happy again after a capture of a ship full of some of Jamaica's best. There is a good deal that is very rum about the methods of that picturesque gentleman's successors. In spite of a popular belief to the contrary, hardly any of those old practitioners employed the device of compelling their prisoners to walk the plank. Can we say this of their imitators? I wonder!

"Blackbeard" was a great master of ballyhoo, which, in more sedate language, can be described as propaganda.



THE LAWYERS' GOLF BATTLE AT MUIRFIELD

England's Bench and Bar put their Scottish opposite numbers out of court by 9 matches to 5 over the series of foursomes. In the picture: (l. to r.) Mr. Lionel Cohen, K.C., captain of the English Bar Golfing Society; Mr. Justice Hodson, Lord Jamieson and Judge Digby Cotes-Predy

By "SABRETACHE"



THE CAMBRIDGE LAWN TENNIS TEAM

Though Cambridge were beaten in this year's lawn tennis contest, they have still a bit in hand, as they have won 27 to Oxford's 18. Names in the picture: (l. to r., front) J. A. T. Hancock, J. Nicolaides (captain) and J. M. Dhamija; (back) N. W. Nicholson, G. H. Colman, H. T. Grut and H. T. Kantawala

For instance, in order to heighten the impression of plug-ugliness he wore a lighted slow-match behind each ear and he never cleaned his teeth. All this helped considerably in creating terror in the minds of those who beheld him. He likewise wore a large number of pistols, knives, cutlasses and suchlike, tucked in his belt to indicate that anything in the way of an armaments race with him would be quite futile. In the end, however, the British Navy did him in, and the ship that destroyed him sailed back into



TRINITY, OXFORD—STILL HEAD OF THE RIVER

The crew and cox after the victory, as it seems hardly necessary to remark. The Oxford Mays were rowed in the right kind of jolly boating weather. The names included in the picture are: D. Graham (bow), D. Woodrow, A. Tyser, A. O. L. Stevens, J. S. Stockton, F. A. L. Waldron, R. C. Furling, R. H. Hillary (stroke) and T. E. Yeo (cox)

Kingston Harbour, Jamaica, with "Blackbeard's" head on her bowsprit. Piracy, in those times, therefore, was a very dangerous game. And so it still remains, as will be proved to demonstration sooner or later.

\* \* \*

The Blue Peter is a signal flag flown at the fore, so Lord Rosebery's future Leger winner is very well named, quite as well, in fact, as was Ladas, the colt which won for Lord Rosebery's respected sire. Ladas was a very fine runner (*temp. Alexander*). If the Army Marathon had been going at that time, he would have won it. Since those days, and in more recent times, that championship has passed into the permanent keeping of some other persons.

\* \* \*

Why it was imagined that this year's Derby winner's pedigree was under suspicion of flashiness is hard to comprehend. The Roi Herode scare dies as hard as the Amphion one. There was a time when no one would think of anything for a long trip with Amphion in his family tree, especially if it was a chestnut, as Amphion was. Yet Amphion goes straight back to the bed-rock of all stayers, Blacklock. This is the way of it: Amphion by Speculum or Rosebery, by Speculum by Vedette by Voltigeur by Voltaire by Blacklock. St. Simon, another key-point, was by Galopin by Vedette. Blue Peter's pedigree is full of him both sides. The Tetrarch was by Roi Herode, but his dam Vahren was by Bona Vista, who goes straight back on the dam's side, to Blacklock. So that's that. All the people who grabbed Blue Peter assured us that they had gone very carefully into his pedigree. Sez they !

(Continued on page xvi)



BALMAIN  
SOME MORE LEGALLY-MINDED GOLFERS

Another picture taken at the legal argument at Muirfield between the English and Scottish Bench and Bar, which is an annual battle. England won, 9 to 4. Names: (l. to r.) Mr. G. B. McClure, Mr. Justice Hawke, Mr. R. P. Morison, K.C., and Mr. T. B. Simpson

Balmain



STUART  
RADLEY COLLEGE CRICKET XI.

The side which met with disaster in the encounter with a strong Harlequin team (see opposite page) and which was disposed of for 59. The names in the picture are: (l. to r., standing) O. F. O. Womack, T. P. Hayward, R. A. Murray, R. J. A. Darwin, J. W. Buckley and A. N. Other; (sitting) J. R. Williams, P. B. Morris, G. T. Pearson (captain), C. C. Ferguson and M. S. Hodges



A CHARMING LADY AND HER RENAULT

The lady is Miss Gloria Gaye, musical director of the Girls Glamour Band, and the car is her new 1939 model 17.9 Renault foursome drop-head coupé

#### Going North.

**M**ET a Rolls owner having tea at a resort twenty miles north of Glasgow. Told me he'd left London the same day, good going over 400 miles.

But that is not exceptional, for another friend has just left Stratford-on-Avon bound for Gleneagles in a new Bentley. For speed and, with it, daily distances are increasing, despite all the roundabouts, Belisha beacons, limits, and other obstacles invented by authority. The hotels on the Great North Road notice this tendency. Places that used to do a good trade for lunch with Londoners trekking north find that they are being overshot, and competitors fifty miles further on are getting the trade. And the same thing applies to the night stop.

Last week I took the west coast route from Gloucestershire to Glasgow. That meant Birmingham, the Black Country and Lancashire. Scenically unromantic, but practically not so objectionable as one might imagine. Special signs guide motorists *via* a ring road round Birmingham. They are well placed and easily picked out. Other big towns, please copy. Then the Warrington-Preston section, which used to rejoice in tramlines and cobbles, has been tidied-up by the elimination of those antiquities, while a by-pass avoids most of Warrington and saves some minutes.

At long intervals on the road north of Carlisle you come on spasmodic twin-track sections. Some day I'm told even the moorland track north of Abington will all be twin-track. Surfaces are universally smooth, and only the narrowness of the road holds one back.

#### Improvement in Scottish Hotels.

**D**URING the last few years the Scottish holiday, touring and sporting hotels have been immensely improved. Time was when proprietors relied on the view, fishing and the fact that there was nowhere else to go within fifty miles to bring them custom. But now we're so mobile and independent that we can't be bothered with inefficiency and out-of-dateness. So the proprietors have bucked up their ideas, installed new

# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

plumbing and beds, refurnished with charm and comfort, and redesigned their ideas on food. Another development ties up the hotels with local legends and romance. Hence a new vogue in bar-parlours built to reproduce the spirit of the robbers' den, the pirates' cave, or the monk's cell. In these surroundings it's really very difficult to resist having another—and another.

#### Phantom Ford "Eight"

**R**eturning south on a car noted for its speed and amazing stability, I spied the bonnet of a Ford "Eight"—not "V-8"—in the mirror. I hadn't been loafing, and frankly, was surprised. So I depressed the right foot, speed increased to 70, and lo! the Ford was still there. Came a long, winding ascent. Here, at any rate, I could lose the baby. For five minutes I thought I had. By now it was dusking, when, to my surprise, a car's lights showed up behind. It was the Ford again,

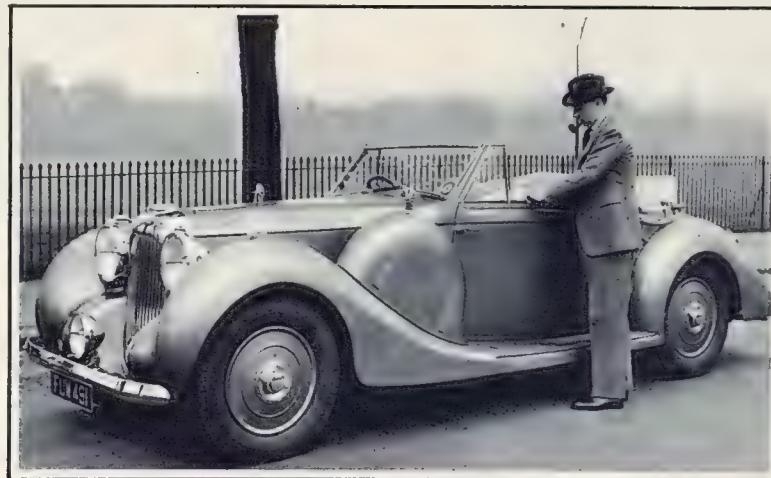
On the long undulations leading to Newcastle-under-Lyme I stepped on it good and hard. The road was straight and clear and the needle stood at over 80. We carried on like this

for a mile or two and then reduced for the thirty-mile limit. Hardly had I entered the town when the Ford was there again. It was one of the most amazing efforts I have met on the roads for years, not only on account of its speed but also stability, for the last bit of road wasn't a billiard-table by any means. So if my Ford friend happens to read this I wish he'd write and tell me what he's done to his car, for an 80-m.p.h. saloon "Eight" that weighs little over 14 cwt. and costs £115 is novel, even in these days of Major Gardner's 200 m.p.h. M.G. "Ten"!

#### American Adventure.

**T**HE Junior Car Club—Autocheque expedition to America, in which I am participating, looks like being a great adventure. We start on June 17 in the "Mauretania," swap over in New York to a Rolls-Royce "Phantom III.," and return several weeks later in the

(Continued on page xx)



AN EMINENT ACTOR AND HIS LAGONDA

Mr. Ralph Richardson, the eminent actor, with his latest 12-cylinder Lagonda, drop-head coupé—the second car owned by Mr. Richardson of this make, which was supplied by Gaffkin Wilkinson and Co., Ltd., of Hanover Square, W.I.

to America, in which I am participating, looks like being a great adventure. We start on June 17 in the "Mauretania," swap over in New York to a Rolls-Royce "Phantom III.," and return several weeks later in the



H.E. SIR PERCY AND LADY LORAIN IN THEIR NEW ROVER

The car is the Rover "Sixteen" drop-head coupé supplied by Henlys, Ltd., which Sir Percy and Lady Loraine have taken to Rome with them, and it is tastefully finished in primrose and black. Sir Percy Loraine was appointed our Ambassador to Rome in April of this year. He was before that our Ambassador to Turkey and a close friend of the lamented Kemal Ataturk

# Every budget has a silver lining

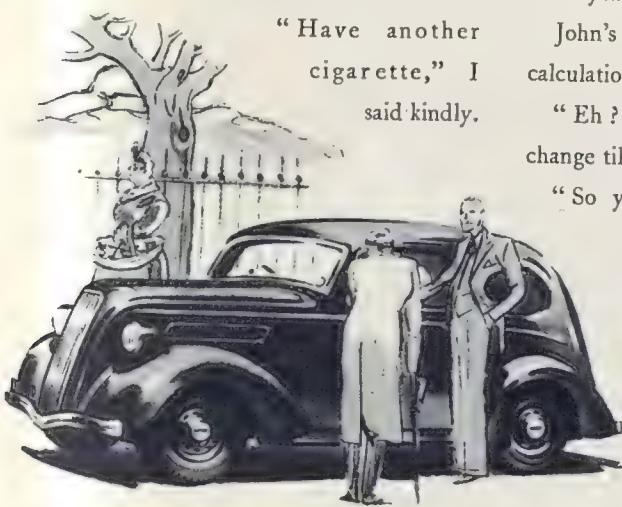
"IT'S a knock-out blow, I tell you. It's not fair. It's the last straw."

John crushed his cigarette stub despondently.

"You mean you've decided not to buy a car after all?"

"That's what I mean. The Budget has finished us."

"Have another cigarette," I said kindly.



"Have some more coffee . . . What kind of car have you decided not to buy, John? Seems a pity! You had a motoring holiday all fixed, hadn't you? How much are you not going to spend on the car?"

He told me. I took a piece of paper out of my pocket.

"Look here, John. Why don't you think of it this way? Suppose you didn't buy that car.

\* \* \*

**FORD MOTOR GYMKHANA** A series of spectacular and instructive events of motoring interest. Also, the finals of "The Scout" Speedster Race; this race is open to Boy Scout Troops who make their own miniature car for the Competition; Brooklands, Saturday, June 17th, at 2.30 p.m. Book the date!

**Ford "Eight" Saloon £115**

**Saloon de Luxe £125**

The "Prefect," the only British Ten under £150, prices from £145

PRICES AT WORKS

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1



Suppose you bought a Ford 'Eight' instead. Now, the Ford 'Eight' is a British car that sells at £13 less than *any* other 'eight' saloon on the market. It puts you £13 in pocket from the start. The increase of tax on a Ford 'Eight' will amount to £4 a year, so you're covered for over three years."

John's eyes brightened as he watched my calculations.

"Eh?" he said. "And the tax doesn't change till the end of the year."

"So you won't have to think about the Budget for nearly four years. Come and look at *my* Ford 'Eight'."

\* \* \*

We left the club together, John walking with the jaunty air of a reprieved man, and picked up my "Eight."

"Nice looking car," he grunted amiably. "Suit Madge, too, during the day . . . Room for a couple in the back. Neat luggage compartment there behind the rear seat . . . Plenty of leg space. Did you say it cost *less* than any other 'eight' saloon?"

"It does; and, for that matter, the 'Prefect'

is the only British Ten under £150. Fords are pretty good value, all along the line. Here, *you* drive," I said, as we turned into the park. I could see he was longing to be at the wheel.

Well, to cut a long story short, I had half an hour to spare, so we drove down to John's house and picked up Madge.

"It's nice to see John smiling again," she said to me. "What *have* you done to him?"

"Don't say a word," said John. "We're going to a Ford Dealer right away . . . And we're going to have that motoring holiday after all!"

\* \* \*

I met them at golf a week later. They glided up to the club-house door in a new Ford "Eight."

"You're lunching with us today," said John: "it was you who showed us how to smile at the Budget."





GRETA GYNT

The beautiful young Norwegian actress who, like her friend, Vera Zorina, has—at any rate, for the time being—deserted the stage for the screen. Greta Gynt, after being concerned with *Too Dangerous to Live* (coming to London soon), is now at work, with Hugh Williams and Bella Lugosi, on *Dark Eyes of London*. This film is from the Edgar Wallace story

**T**HE home team's centre-forward was very much off form. Time and again he was given a pass right in front of the goal, but on each occasion he either mis-kicked, or sent the ball flying over the crossbar. When he eventually failed to score a goal from a penalty kick, the patience of the crowd reached breaking-point.

"Hi!" yelled a voice from the crowd. "Here's a penny stamp for you!"

The centre-forward glared at his tormentor. "What should I want that for?" he asked.

The retort was cutting. "To stick on the ball, so it'll go through the post quicker!"

\* \* \*

**H**e had reached the magnificent age of one hundred, and was being interviewed by a reporter from the local newspaper.

"And what," asked the interviewer at last, "do you think of the modern girl?"

"Lor', sir," replied the centenarian, "I be a 'underd, I be, an' I gave up thinking 'bout the girls nigh on ten years ago."



ANTON DOLIN

Who is helping to insure the big success of the R.A.D. Ball in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing Building Fund by taking part in the Grand Fête de Ballet. This very brilliant British star of ballet is to dance a *pas de deux* with enchanting Irina Baronova. The Ball will be held at Grosvenor House to-morrow, Thursday, June 8

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

**A**t a regimental dinner, the colonel came round and put a fatherly hand on the shoulder of the young subaltern.

"Look here, my boy," he said, "this is your first dinner, and I know you won't mind a little advice from me. Go easy with the decanter, and don't try to stick it too long. Here's a good tip for you. You see those two candlesticks there? Well, when you begin to see four instead of two, clear off."

"All right, sir," said the young man. "But I can't see more than one at present."

\* \* \*

**A** school teacher had set her class an essay on the Armistice. The following is an extract from the reply of a little girl:

"The Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, and every year since then we have had two minutes' peace."

\* \* \*

**L**ook here," said the man who dashed into the horse-dealer's place, "you remember that horse you sold me last week?"

"Well, what about 'im?" replied the dealer aggressively.

"He fell down dead yesterday."

"Well I never," said the surprised dealer. "I told you 'e 'ad some funny tricks, but, 'pon my word, I never knew 'im do that before."

\* \* \*

**T**he bald-headed man entered the barber's shop. He was not exactly bald, for he had one solitary, stubborn hair that still grew in the centre of his head.

The customer sank back in the chair.

"Haircut," he said contentedly.

The barber gulped. Then he shrugged and picked up his scissors. He was about to work on the single hair, when he felt the customer's hand on his arm. With the scissors in mid-air, the barber paused.

"Yes," he murmured.

The customer cleared his throat.

"Don't spare the scissors," he advised. "I don't care to be running to the barber every week!"

\* \* \*

**M**ummy," came the voice of the small daughter of the house.

"Yes, dear?" answered her mother.

"You know that vase you said had been handed down from generation to generation?"

"Yes?"

"Well, this generation has dropped it!"

\* \* \*

**T**he maid, a keen wireless fan, was answering the telephone: "Madam will speak to you in one minute. In the meantime, here is a gramophone record."



BEACH DRESS.—On to the beach in the sun's glare wearing gay, striped  
cruisaline material. Backless dress with slim, belted waistline and pleated skirt.  
Yellow, Reseda Green or Sky Blue (American).  $5\frac{1}{2}$  Gns.

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a matching waist length jacket : . . a draped sun-top in two shades of contrast  
colour. In Off White, Brown or Slate Blue Sauva Lona material. 8 Gns.

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(Beachwear Salon—First Floor)



THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH DAVIS CUP DOUBLES PAIRS

The above photograph was taken just before the great match which went to this country 6-3, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3. Left to right are F. H. D. Wilde, C. E. Hare, P. Pellizza, and Y. Petra

I HAVE always firmly averred in print that miracles do still happen in this modern world of ours, but I must always state equally frankly that I never expected to secure such positive affirmation as was produced last week by our victory over France in the Davis Cup. And though by the time these words appear it may be a case of "*Morituri te salutant!*" with the Nazi salute thrown in, let us count our triumphs while we can. "You could have knocked me down with a feather!" the housemaid said to the reporter who came to enquire what had been her reactions when she opened the door and discovered Queen Mary outside on the step; and you could have knocked me down with a tennis ball when, returning to the pavilion half-way through the afternoon of our match against Cambridge, someone said that Ronald Shayes had defeated Destremau. After his pitiful thrashing at the hands of Boussus, it seemed impossible—it seemed too good to be true. But it turned out to be as true as it was good. As true as the fact that the Duke of Windsor attended Mr. Shayes' wedding reception in Paris, mingling freely with the other guests. Yes, I always say it's a wonderful age in which we live. I only wish I had been at Wimbledon that Saturday afternoon to see the miracle happen before my very eyes—the halo appear round our hero's handsome head. True, it had a shaky moment when, at his first match-point, the Englishman fell flat on his face, having come towards the net, on a fault—only to return to his base to serve a double. How typical of British tennis! The stands must have sighed and taken bets with their neighbours that the sporting fellow would now nimbly serve two more doubles, just to make the visitor to our shores feel really at ease. But not at all. Shayes straightened his halo, just as Queen Mary, with a courage and self-discipline that are endearingly and magnificently her own, straightened her toque as she crawled out of her capsized car. . . . Shayes, unlike Queen Mary—I should have said, unlike his previous appearances in the public eye—this time took greatness from the occasion, and at his next match ball did not allow even a foot-fault judge to rob him of a victory that was of such importance in the fluctuating balance of the whole match that it has largely rehabilitated him for all the times that he has failed in the past.



RONALD SHAYES IN ACTION AT WIMBLEDON

By beating Bernard Destremau in four sets, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 7-5, Ronald Shayes brought England into the semi-final of the Davis Cup. In his match with C. Boussus, which went to France, his play was very erratic, but luckily by the time he met Destremau all that had disappeared, and he went on to play four superb sets

would have been twice as potent if he could have returned in the fall, crowned champion of the world? If he sacrifices his chances this year, he discards them for ever. Perhaps at this moment he feels that the world is well lost. I hope with all my heart that this mood of exaltation will remain. But if he should awake from his dream in the same way that Beverley Nichols awoke after his most moving, sincere book of all, "*The Fool Hath Said*," I feel that disillusionment may be a bitter cup for him to swallow. Even more shattering in its consequences than the glass of gin and water that Menzel swallowed by mistake in the fifth set of his historic match against "Bunny" at St. Cloud in the French Championships—was it two or three years ago? Anyway, that is another story. I must return to the main text.) I must return to Cambridge, where we were at the beginning of this article; to Fenners' charming ground, whose atmosphere was only marred for me this year by the absence of Jackie Baines,

(Continued on page xxiv)

## LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

Afterwards I wished I had been there. But who could have foretold that such delights were in store? And had I not Mr. Wallis Myers' stirring (and accurate, into the bargain) account to console me next morning at breakfast? How fortunate the *Daily Telegraph* is in having been able to retain for so many years now the services of someone who, a veteran in experience and knowledge, and endowed with great sagacity, possesses into the bargain a prose-style that never loses either its power or freshness. Of course, it may be that I am slightly prejudiced because of the unremittingly inaccurate and uninspired journalese that is poured out in other tennis columns in the daily Press—*The Times* always excepted—but at the same time I cannot believe that anyone could read Mr. Myers' beautiful and loving obituary—what a cold word for something so loving and understanding!—of Suzanne Lenglen in the 1939 Lawn Tennis Almanack published by Dunlop's, without sensing that one is enjoying the work of a writer who, within the limitations of his own talent, is as much the master of his medium as Charles Morgan. And if you think that, after all, I am over-prejudiced, I can only urge you to get hold of a copy of the

Almanack, which, in addition, is packed full of useful information, and judge for yourself. Incidentally, Mr. Myers explodes a myth that has already become a legend—that the court on which Suzanne played as a child, watched over by her adamantine father, was marked out into squares, into the right one of which at the right moment she must hit a ball at the right pace, or suffer dire duress of the spirit. The truth, apparently, was that, instead, a target was set up on the other side of the net, and Suzanne had to aim for it. Then, when she had found the range in one direction, the target was shifted, and another stroke, not of the same angle, was mastered.

Mr. Myers goes on to make a very penetrating statement. Speaking of M. Charles Lenglen, *père*, he says: "He was quick to grasp the mechanics of stroke production, the virtue of balance and poise, the secret that a good style conserves energy and a bad style wastes it." There you have a profundity in regard to tennis technique that is too little realised. So many people imagine that the reason teachers make such a fetish of style is for the pictorial beauty alone of the sweep of a stroke academically made, like "Bunny" Austin's backhand. (How sad, how stupidly sad, if the rumour is true that he is not returning in time for Wimbledon! There is a tide in the affairs of men . . . and he is missing it. Surely his crusade in America

# GARRARDS

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*to the Crown*



GERMAN AIR CHIEF FOR ROME

As a result of the Italo-German pact, General Milch, Inspector-General of the German Air Forces, has, under the orders of General Goering, left for Rome, to undertake talks with the Italian Air Ministry. Many officers of the German Air Force have accompanied General Milch.

#### Summing Up.

**H**AVING seen and considered the evidence—at Northolt, Heston, Hatfield, and elsewhere—I am now able to don the judge's wig and sum up as to the position and progress of aeronautics in this country. I shall try not to use that wig in the way it is often used in the courts—for giving an air of authority to uninformed criticism and comment—but rather as a reminder of the need for strict impartiality. First, then, I am well impressed by the evidence offered by the Air Ministry to Members of Parliament at Northolt: that technically the Royal Air Force is now as advanced as any other air force. Second, I believe that our aircraft production rate has increased very rapidly, and is now nearing that of Germany. Third, I think our production rate can still increase a good deal further during the next twelve months. Fourth, the spirit, discipline and morale (with an "e" at the end, please, in spite of those who tend to mix up the English and French languages) of the officers and men of the Royal Air Force are excellent; and fifth—and this is where the kick comes—I think that insufficient provision is being made for technical improvement in the future.

Let me explain that fifth point. The best aeroplane in air service use to-day is the Supermarine "Spitfire." Take each type in relation to the duties it has to perform and assess it, and the "Spitfire" comes out with the highest marks. But the "Spitfire," designed by the late R. J. Mitchell, is based on the Schneider Trophy winner of 1931, appropriately adjusted to single-seat fighter purposes. Can it be said that any new type shows the inspiration and *rightness* of this machine? We saw at Northolt two secret types. They were allowed to fly past over the aerodrome, and nobody was told what they were. To

## AIR EDDIES : OLIVER STEWART

this day I am uncertain about who were the makers. But I say this: that from the glimpse I had of them they were both disappointing. The "Spitfire," which is now getting on in years, looked better than either of them.

#### Inspiration.

I do not know what other secret types the Air Ministry has, but I do say that no machine that has appeared since the "Spitfire" has shown any new wave of aerodynamical inspiration. Some say we have come to the end of drastic developments. I do not believe it. The United States "Bell" single-seat fighter is the result of a fresh inspiration; so is the twin-engined machine that crashed after its trans-Continental flight. I sum up, then, by saying that in aircraft design a stimulus is urgently needed. We look as if we are reaching the end of the stimulus provided by the Schneider Trophy races.

We have now in charge of this work at the Air Ministry one of the best men for the job who has ever held the post; an officer with plenty of practical experience, a fine pilot, and with the right kind of technical outlook. But he alone cannot do much to inspire our designers. It really comes to this: that some kind of competition or race is required to provide a further fillip to progress. Progress in aircraft design is not simply a matter of piling on more engines. There are many other things to be done, and at present they are not being done.

#### Production.

Figures, with or without the approval of the Air Ministry, purporting to give the production rates of aircraft reached in this country, have been flying about a good deal recently. As I am still uncertain whether they are regarded as secret or not, I am not proposing to give any here. But there is plenty of evidence that the industry has groomed itself for production in a remarkable manner, and that there is now very little it does not know about large-scale series output. And one thing is that it has succeeded in taming

difficult types and making them producible in quantity and at speed. The geodetic machines, for example, which were once said to be of a constructional form ill-suited to large-scale production, are now pouring out at a remarkable rate.

Nevertheless, any work done with the object of accelerating production still further is worthy of support, and so I went to Heston to examine the Martin-Baker single-seat fighter, which is built on a special tubular system and which is

(Continued on page xxiii)



MR. J. RUSH

The Manx Air Derby, which took place recently, was won by Albert Henshaw with a Vega Gull at a speed of 167·5 m.p.h. Mr. J. Rush, who was a competitor, was the winner of last year's race. His machine was a Miles Sparrowhawk



MORE ENTRANTS FOR THE MANX RACES

What a pity that the manufacturers of aeroplanes cannot devote more of their time to producing the necessary material for, and encouraging air races, which provide such a pleasant and exhilarating form of sport, instead of having to concentrate practically entirely on war planes. In the above photograph are seen Mr. R. R. Bentley, Mr. D. C. Macdonald, and Mr. J. M. Barwick, eldest son of Sir John Barwick, who flew a Vega Gull in the Manx contest.



Make a note of the date! Saturday June 24<sup>th</sup>

**THE GREYHOUND DERBY**  
AT  
**WHITE CITY**

# THE SAFE COMBINATION

By O. SALTER

"I suppose while human nature remains what it is, a detective can never count on a holiday," said Denver, sighing deeply. "Last year I tried the French Riviera, and at the roulette table unkind fate made me scrape acquaintance with one Craig, a young Scottish doctor with a hunch on hypnotism, who had settled in Hyères as the result of a little difficulty between himself and the General Medical Council at home. Of course, he had a singular case on hand, and, of course, in the end he had to drag me into it.

"It appeared that he had been attending the very young and very attractive wife of his neighbour, a man named Jenson, who rented a villa on the coast road between Hyères and Toulon. Craig formed the opinion that the poor health of Mervyl Jenson had an emotional origin: she was not particularly happy with her middle-aged husband, who seemed not so much to neglect her as to be preoccupied with some absorbing interest other than his wife.

"During one of his visits Craig discovered what this interest was. He could not help noticing a large safe, tall enough to allow a person to stand upright within it, which was built into the wall of Jenson's bedroom. Seeing his attention directed towards it, Mrs. Jenson observed that the safe contained her husband's collection of pearls, of which he was inordinately proud. Jenson, who happened to be in the room at the time, volunteered to show Craig the pearls, and took from his wife's neck a locket, which he explained held a paper on which were written the combination numbers of the safe lock.

"Edgar does not trust himself with the safe combination," said Mervyl, with a smile, and so he has to trust me never to open the safe without his permission. But then, he knows that I am not interested in pearls—all they mean to me is the pleasure which he finds in them."

"But why do you need a strong-room to hold a few pearls?" asked Craig, forgetting in his curiosity that he might be hurting the feelings of his client. "Surely a safe one-twentieth the size would be sufficient?"

"Jenson's eyes gleamed oddly as he closed the safe door, which was of a quite unusual thickness, like the door of a sound-proof room. 'One day I shall buy more pearls,' he said slowly. 'One day that strong-room will not be large enough to hold all the pearls which I shall place within it!'

"Late one evening, a few weeks later, Craig received a frantic telephone-call from Marthe, the elderly personal maid of Mervyl Jenson. From what he could make of

her broken and agitated English, he gathered that her mistress had somehow got shut into the pearl safe and was in danger of suffocation. Craig hastened to the villa, to find Jenson rocking on his knees before the closed door of the safe.

"She is in here!" he moaned, scratching at the steel with his finger-nails, like a dog. "I opened the safe and handed her back the locket—she stepped inside to look at the pearls. The door swung to behind her and the catch slipped. I saw it happen—I was too late to save her. The locket with the combination number in it is round her neck, and I—I cannot remember the combination!"

"Craig examined the safe and found on it the name of a New York firm. At that hour their office would obviously be closed. He could have telephoned the police at Toulon and told them to bring dynamite, but by the time it arrived Mervyl Jenson would almost certainly have suffocated.

"I took a great risk," he said slowly. "I had to believe that the man had really forgotten the combination under the stress of his agitation. It occurred to me that if I could induce in him a state of hypnosis I could possibly force his subconscious memory to give up the necessary information. I told him I was going to try to soothe him, to help him remember the combination. He obviously knew nothing of the process of hypnotism; he was a curiously easy subject. I drew the number from him without difficulty, and got Mrs. Jenson out of the safe, much shaken, but otherwise unharmed."

"Now there is a sequel to all this that I have been telling you. Yesterday Mrs. Jenson called on me in a state of great distress.

Her husband apparently does not remember anything that happened immediately preceding his trance, but since that evening he has scarcely had two consecutive hours of natural sleep, and she begins to fear for his reason. He falls asleep for a few minutes, groans and mutters incoherently, twisting in his bed, breaks out in a sweat, wakes again, and the process is repeated. One night Mervyl herself woke to find Jenson standing before the safe, apparently asleep, but wringing his hands and muttering: "The combination, the combination!" She managed to get him back to bed without waking him, and next day came to me to ask for my help."

"Craig paused and looked at me very gravely as he continued:

"There are certain features in this case which incline me to think that it is more in your department than in mine. In the first place, to go back to the incident when Mrs. Jenson was accidentally locked in the safe—you will remember that she had previously told me she was not interested in the pearls. Why, (Continued on page 468.)



MISS BRENDA DUFF FRAZIER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS REPORTED.

One of America's most beautiful and also wealthiest young ladies is reported to be engaged to Mr. Howard Hughes, the oil millionaire, and also hero of an aerial dash round the world of more or less recent memory. Miss Frazier has been called in the U.S.A. America's Glamour Girl No. 1. That means in English that she is exceptionally beautiful

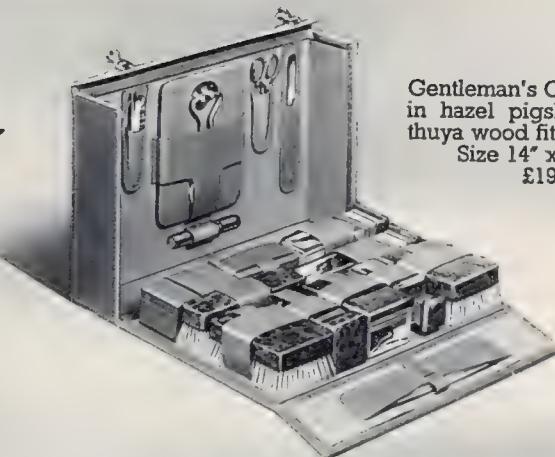
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THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW AT ASPREYS

## THE SAFE COMBINATION—(Continued from page 466)

then, should she enter the safe of her own accord to look at them? Again, I cannot understand how a heavy steel door could swing to of itself, as Jenson asserted; surely such a door would need to be pushed in order to close it? I have kept my doubts to myself so far, because I wouldn't for the world do anything which might bring distress to Mervyl Jenson; on the other hand, I don't mind confiding to you that I feel a responsibility for her which I should be glad to share with you.'

"He averted his eyes as he added, slowly: 'I have been told that Mrs. Jenson possesses a considerable fortune inherited from her parents, which on her death will revert to her husband.'

"'What do you want me to do?' I asked. 'You don't suggest, I hope, that I should enter the Jenson's house and start making enquiries in my official capacity?'

"Craig outlined his plan to me, and after a good deal of hesitation I reluctantly agreed. The following evening I accompanied him to the Jenson's villa, and was introduced to Mrs. Jenson as a specialist on holiday from London, with whom Craig wished to consult for a second opinion upon her husband's sleeplessness. Having studied medicine at one period of my career, I did not anticipate any great difficulty in playing my part.

"Very young, very fragile, heavy-eyed through anxiety, there was a pathos about Mervyl Jenson which made me feel bound to help her if I could, and I saw that Craig was also drawn to her as much by her helplessness as by her delicate beauty. She told us that Jenson had become so weak that she had persuaded him to stay in bed, without much difficulty, for he had developed a morbid reluctance to leave for any length of time the safe in which lay his precious pearls.

"We found him sitting up in bed, clad in dressing-gown and pyjamas, and Craig told me afterwards he had never been so shocked by the physical change in a man in so short a time. He certainly looked more like a death's-head than a human being; the flesh on his face had shrunk away, leaving the bones standing up whitely under the skin, his lips were cracked as with fever, and moved constantly, as did his eyes in their hollowed sockets. However, he showed no sign of alarm as we entered the room, and I formed the opinion that the man was either a wonderful actor or else was really innocent, and had no cause to feel uneasy at our intrusion.

"'This is Dr. Denver, from England, who has come to try to help you feel better,' said Craig pleasantly, nodding in my direction.

"Jenson gave me a quick glance, then closed his eyes for a moment. 'I can't sleep,' he muttered, in a hoarse voice. 'That's the trouble—I can't sleep.' He suddenly reopened his eyes to their fullest extent, and shouted with all his strength: 'I—CAN'T—SLEEP!'

"At a sign from me, Mervyl Jenson, who was trembling greatly, slipped from the room. Craig sat down on the bed, facing his patient.

"'Don't worry, you will be able to sleep soon enough. I am going to try to soothe you now, and then Dr. Denver will talk to you and see if he cannot put your mind at rest: that is all you need to make you sleep, you know.'

"The room grew very quiet. Jenson had slipped down on to the pillows; his dry lips relaxed, his eyes seemed to grow dim and fixed, his hands ceased their restless plucking. Presently he slowly raised himself to a sitting position, and Craig nodded to me. I sat down on the other side of Jenson and spoke to him quietly.

"'Now you feel clearer in your mind, don't you, Mr. Jenson?' I said, following out the line which I had proposed to Craig to take. 'You know now it is the pearls which have been worrying you—the pearls in your safe. Suppose you tell us why those pearls have been troubling you so much of late?'

"When Jenson spoke again, after a long pause, his voice was quite different: level and rather high, without any trace of its former hoarseness.

"'I am Edmond la Touche, that is my real name,' he said slowly. 'All my life I have been obsessed by a mania for the possession of pearls. It has taken the place, in me, of the desire which other men feel for the possession of women.'

"'I have travelled all over the world in my search for pearls—rare and beautiful pearls. My wanderings took me to South America, where I met and married the only daughter of a Brazilian jewel merchant with a considerable interest in the pearl trade. Although beautiful, the woman already showed signs of the lapse into grossness which so quickly becomes apparent in those of her race when they pass their first youth. When her father died, she naturally inherited the business, and as I had by then considerable knowledge of pearls I was able to assist her. The handling of the gems was a constant source of irritation and excitement to me. Every time I had to part with a particularly fine pearl, to a customer, I suffered torments of personal reluctance. Our choicest specimens were kept in a strong-room in the inner office, and when a client desired to inspect one of these rare pearls I would often ask my wife to fetch it for me rather than go through the anguish of taking it out, perhaps for ever, myself.'

(Continued on page ii)



S. C. WOODERSON RUNS HIS SECOND BEST AT THE WHITE CITY  
The holder of the world's record for the mile and 880 yards has been preparing himself by a series of strenuous races for his "Mile of the Century" attempt in America on June 17. In the recent inter-county championship at the White City, Sydney Wooderson's time for the mile was 4 min. 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec., which was only a second outside his world record. The very best of luck to him over there



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THE 14th/20th HUSSARS WIN THE BOMBAY TOURNAMENT

The team entered under the *nom de course* of "The Hawks," but not presumably because polo by soldiers is as much frowned upon by the authorities in India as it is at home at this moment. The actual score has not been transmitted.

The names in the picture are: (l. to r.) Mr. E. B. Studd, Captain R. P. D. F. Allen, Mr. D. A. H. Silvertop and Mr. P. F. S. Haggie

**T**O attempt to say anything much about something that will have happened before you know what has happened is a bit of a twister. The first match, England *v.* America, is dated for June 4; the date of this paper anyone can see for himself by looking at the top of this page. These notes, however, have had to be committed to the deep well of printer's ink some two days before that, because even printers demand a Whitsuntide holiday.

\* \* \*

**T**he latest intelligence indicates that just before the "off" things were a bit upside-down where both sides were concerned. First of all it was said that there was some doubt as to whether it would be decided finally to play Eric Tyrrell-Martin, because recent displays indicated that he was not at his best. The main charge was that he is now too fond of going up into the game and deserting his post. But under certain conditions a back is well entitled to do this, and especially when he has a super No. 3 in front of him, as is the case in the present situation. Everyone's job is to wheel in behind everyone else when some one happens to get a chance to burst away into the blue in possession. Seconds—perhaps we might say even split seconds—count in this game. Roughly speaking, a back has no business to leave the shop, but cases are always governed by circumstances. This calamity has apparently been averted, as Tyrrell-Martin has struck his form again.

The most serious setback we have to face is Aidan Roark's most unaccountable lapse and the announcement that it is so bad as to cause a decision to drop him and put John Lakin in at No. 2. This last-moment alteration may destroy any chance we may have had. The form is said to be "too bad to be true." I hope that is true. This lapse is quite inexplicable, and there were many long faces at Hurlingham when the news was received. There were also not a few rumours the nature of which I leave you to guess. The hard fact is that our chances have been much diminished.

\* \* \*

**O**ur gallant foemen have also been having their troubles, and it will be a calamity if in the end we are deprived of meeting the 40-goal side. I think everyone here would rather not win at all unless it is against the very best that America can produce. The news was that Michael Phipps, their No. 1, was off his game, which may mean very little, for recent performances do not bear this out, and that Stewart Iglehart, their back, had been ill. This everyone here much deplores, for he is pretty nearly America's Polo

## POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

**S**tar No. 1. Even if this bad news has proved to be true, the Americans' loss will not be so serious as ours, for they have Eric Pedley, their 1936 No. 1 and Winston Guest, their 1936 back, the latter of whom, judging by recently reported happenings, is in great heart and form, and apparently is to be their back. Michael Phipps could not play in the American team's practice at Westbury on May 17 because of a sprained wrist, but Stewart Iglehart did, showed great form, and collected two out of the eight goals his side scored, so it looks as if he has recovered! He played back with Tommy Hitchcock, Cecil Smith, and E. T. Gerry (7) in front of him in that order back to front. Eric Pedley



THE 2nd LANCERS I.A. WIN THE PUNJAB POLO CUP

This tournament is played in Lahore, where it remains fairly cool well on into March, and the regiment once known as Gardner's Horse came out on top.

The names in the picture are: (l. to r.) Mr. S. V. McCoy, Mr. A. R. W. Sproule, Captain A. H. McConnel and Major A. H. St. J. Avery

is, or was, an 8-goaler. Those who saw the 1936 matches know the kind of No. 1 that he is and the class of shot that he is. America, therefore, has plenty of first-class ammunition upon which to draw in the event of casualties. We are not in quite such a fortunate position.

\* \* \*

**T**he Inter-Regimental will be almost on top of us by the time these notes are in print, and picking the winner is not easy. The holders (the Greys) unfortunately are not with us, but the runners-up, the 12th Lancers (winners, 1936), are, and so are the 10th Hussars (winners, 1937), who went to bits so unaccountably when they met the 12th last year at Tidworth and were beaten 7 to 2. This was the more surprising because just before that the 10th had downed a good Queen's Bays team 4 to 1, but only, be it said, after a really nice fight. Neither the 12th nor the 10th will have the aid of their C.O.'s, for Lieut.-Colonel R. L. McCreery has left, and is now an Infantry soldier, and Lieut.-Colonel Charles Gairdner, though fully intending to play again, has had to relinquish the idea on account of the antics of Adolf and Benito. They are working all the soldiers mighty hard these days. The 10th will also be shy of Major C. B. Harvey, called "Roscoe" for short in the regiment—a splendid, hard-thrusting forward who will be badly missed. The 10th's team will, I suppose, be something like this: Captain M. N. E. Macmullen, Mr. J. W. Malet, Captain J. P. Archer-Shee, and Captain David Dawnay—a somewhat weakened side. The 12th Lancer side may be like this: Captain G. J. Kidston, Captain W. G. Carr, Captain A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter, and Captain R. W. Hobson, and I should not think that there will

(Continued on page 472)

# This England . . .



*Newland Valley from Buttermere, Cumberland*

WHEN few could read and fewer write, men would affix to the record of their declarations or commands a seal—that all might recognise by this sign or picture whence came the document, and its true authority. And when it ceased to be valid—as at death or at the beginning of a reign—the matrix was publicly destroyed. But many lovely seals of the old English corporations are preserved to us and in some sort illustrate the old legal maxim that corporations never die. Thus do we still say that men have “set the seal of approval” upon a thing—as, for example your Worthington. Indeed a fair example this, for here is a beer brewed with traditional skill by an old English corporation—that surely will not die while England lives.



ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

## Polo Notes—(Continued from page 470)

be much in it so far as these two regiments are concerned. The 15th/19th Hussars, who live at York, and are therefore rather out of the polo spotlight, may be the big danger to any aspirant. They were one of last year's semi-finalists, beaten nine to eight by the 12th Lancers, a twenty-goal side, the 15th/19th only a thirteen-goal one, and much out-ponied. They might win this year, as I hear they are much better mounted. However, we do not know much, for no one is allowed to come to London till the semi-finals. Tidworth is going to have most of the fun. My present idea is that the 12th will go close; but you cannot tell at this game. I say the 12th because (a) they have most of their last year's side and (b) because I believe them to be pretty well mounted. But no one except the people immediately concerned can really know because no one outside has had a chance to see.

\* \* \*

As to recent happenings of a domestic nature, the event of the moment is the obliteration of the supposedly formidable Optimists in the first Open Cup of the season, the Roehampton one. A win for Sir Harold Wernher's Someries House team by ten to four is not a victory, it is a rout. The result only goes to show us yet once again that a horse must have four legs. I think we were all very pleased to see the colours of the ex-Master of the Fernie home in front, for he is a whole-hearted supporter of this game, a performer due for a rise in his handicap, and one of a diminishing band of people with the necessary sinews of war behind him. Tipping any one for anything

is always a tricky business as so many of our racing specialists have been made to realize, but in a weak field such as may go for the Championship this year, who knows? Some of the honourable misters behind Sir Harold Wernher one seems to know fairly well by sight. Two of them were in this team last year, A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter, No. 2 this year, back last year, and D. Dawnay, No. 3 last year, back this year. Someries House were put out last year eleven to six by The Gauchos, a twenty-four-goal side, the losers' weight being twenty, and the winners travelled as far as the semi-final, in which the Hon. Keith Rous's Jaguars beat them in a ragged game, seven to six, but only after a dead-heat. The Jaguars in their turn were beaten in the final, eight to seven, by a very hot lot of people, The Texas Rangers, a side which included three present internationals, Cecil Smith (America), Aidan Roark and E. H. Tyrrell-Martin (England). So perhaps you may follow the remark I have made about Someries House and the Championship.

\* \* \*

P.S. Just as this goes to press the news of the "recovery" of the British team reaches us. Whether we are entitled to use the word "recovery" I do not know. Our re-formed team beat a 29-goal scratch side 10 to 2 and from all accounts it should have been 14 to 2. Our team's value with J. Lakin instead of A. Roark was 33. Frankly I do not think this is a good enough gallop. Our disorder may be in some measure balanced by our gallant foemen's misfortune for Cecil Smith's bad fall is not very encouraging news and it will not be surprising to find that he has not been fit enough to play.



THE PANDAS — COMPLETE WITH BADGE

This newly-formed side gained a very creditable victory over Someries House in their tie in the Sutton-Smith Cup (High Handicap) at Roehampton when they won by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  (rec.  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ) to 3, Someries House being recent winners of the Roehampton Open Cup. The names in the above picture are (l. to r.): The Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell, Mr. A. David, Mr. N. Dugdale and Mr. J. M. Graham

**C**LOTHES that are built by hand and cut by artists cannot be bought cheaply.

In New York, a suit costs twenty-five to thirty guineas. Their sewing is extremely good, and their cutters try very hard. Six suits cost as much as a thirty horse-power car, since cars are cheap there.

In England, the same sum will buy thirty good suits. Two at a time are more normal—equivalent to about as much as such a car will now fetch second hand.

And two tax-free suits, if built by Pope and Bradley, will last long after the car has gone the way of cheaply-made clothes.

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The recent expansion of the Armed Forces has

led to a comprehensive revision—and reduction—in Pope and Bradley's prices for all Officers' uniforms, whether Naval, Military or Air Force.



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Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

## The Safe Combination—(Continued from page 468)

"One day, watching her enter the strong-room thus to take out a fine pearl chain which had been sold by us the previous day, a terrible thought entered my mind. I imagined how easy it would be to slam the door of the strong-room upon her, leaving to die of suffocation that now gross and unlovely figure, which was all that stood between me and the safe full of exquisite pearls."

"Jenson started up in bed. His skin, which had been dry, was now covered with beads of sweat. His eyes seemed to strain out of their sockets, their gaze fixed upon the safe. Craig gently pressed him back against the pillows, and after a pause he continued :

"I conquered the impulse, but from that day it continued to haunt me, and at last, in terror of my own obsession, I fled from my wife and the jewel shop, back to France. However, the thought of all the pearls I had left behind me was unendurable, as if food had been shown to a starving man and then withheld.

"Under an assumed name I met and married Mervyl van Tyne, the banker's heiress. I have always had a perverse attraction for women, who in themselves to me mean nothing. With the fortune she possessed I knew that I could buy pearls which would satisfy even my dreams. This time, I told myself, I would not be baulked : I would not let fear come between me and the possession of more pearls, for which my whole being craved as an addict craves for his drug. I laid my plans and awaited my opportunity.

"The opportunity was long in coming, for to my chagrin Mervyl had never shown any interest in the contents of the safe. At last, growing impatient, I suggested to her one evening that she should inspect my collection of pearls, and to please me, no doubt, she agreed. Concealing my eagerness I asked her to give me the locket, glanced at the combination number inside it, and myself replaced it on her neck. Then I went towards the safe."

"Quietly, Jenson crept from his bed. Afraid to move, afraid almost to breathe, lest we should break the spell, we watched him glide across the room and pause at the safe, suiting actions to the words which he uttered in his high, monotonous voice.

"I opened the door of the safe—thus, and turned on the light within, beckoning to my wife to enter before me. She slowly walked into the safe—thus. When she was safely inside, with her back to the door—like this—I took my chance : the door closed gently upon her—thus—"

"A sharp click penetrated the sudden silence of the room. Craig

and I stared at each other for an instant, as if we too were hypnotized. Then Craig hurried to the bedroom door, calling for Mervyl Jenson.

"Mrs. Jenson—will you come in here for a moment, please? . . . Your husband has accidentally locked himself in the strong-room. You have the combination number in your possession, I believe."

"Mervyl Jenson wasted no time in questioning. Down on her knees before the safe, consulting, as she worked, the paper which she had snatched from her locket, she feverishly turned the knob of the combination this way and that. Presently she desisted from her efforts and turned to us.

"I don't understand!" she said, breathlessly. "This is the combination number that Edgar gave me—he himself always used it—but it will not open the safe! What does it mean?"

"I think, Mrs. Jenson, you must prepare yourself for an unpleasant truth," I said, as gently as I could. "I do not believe that your husband ever intended you, or anybody else, to know the number of the combination. In order to save your life, when you were locked in the safe, Dr. Craig was forced to exert hypnotic pressure upon Mr. Jenson to draw the correct number from him and open the safe door."

"Her eyes dilated : she rose and turned wildly upon Craig. I could see that she had only grasped one fact from what I had said.

"You drew the right number from Edgar!" she cried. "You know it—then what are you waiting for now? For God's sake, Dr. Craig, why don't you open the safe yourself?"

"Craig and I looked at each other once more, and this time I am prepared to swear that our thoughts met.

"I have forgotten the number of the combination," said Craig, slowly."

\* \* \* \*

By kind permission of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, a Gala Matinée Concert will be held at Arundel Castle, on Tuesday, June 20, in aid of the Lady Chichester Hospital, Hove, which deals specially with cases of early nervous disorders among men, women and children. The concert will be held in the Barons' Hall and commences at 2.45 p.m. Many famous artistes have kindly given their services, the names included being : Miss Nancy Price, the renowned actress, who will read a selection of poetry; Miss Elsie Suddaby, the celebrated English soprano of the leading musical festivals; Miss Muriel Brunskill, the famous contralto; Mr. Dennis Noble, the eminent baritone, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Mr. William Murdoch, the distinguished pianist; and Isolde Menges, the brilliant violinist; the accompanist Mr. George Reeves.



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**Y**OU must do something about your face, Emily. I've told you before, Mary, I believe in letting Nature take its course.

Nature? Fiddlesticks. Nature's a clumsy incompetent old muddler. If you really were to let Nature take its course you wouldn't have any teeth, you wouldn't wear corsets, you wouldn't have spectacles, you'd never go to the hairdresser's or the chiropodist's, let alone see a doctor—in fact you'd probably be dead by now.

Yes, yes, yes, I know all that. But I've been to some of these beauty parlours and, so far as I'm concerned at any rate, they're no mortal use. They massage you and make you up to look very nice for a few hours and then . . .

But I'm not suggesting you go to a beauty parlour—at least not a beauty parlour in the ordinary sense of the word. I want you to see Madame Kell. She has a special technique for removing wrinkles which is quite different from anyone else's. Now listen, Emily, I'm

going to be very firm with you. Next week, when we're in town, I'm going to make an appointment with Madame Kell, and I shall take you along with me whether you like it or not.

Josephine Kell has a special technique of her own for removing wrinkles and renewing beauty. She herself will explain to you her treatment in detail any time you care to make an appointment. Her telephone number is Regent 2320. Her address:

24 Old Bond Street, W.1

# Josephine Kell

—she makes women beautiful

Have you tried Madame Kell's No. 5 treatment—at one guinea—with her own massage routine and her own specially prepared creams?



# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



THERE is a certain element of surprise about the Bradley (Chepstow Place) collection of furs. There are wraps of mink, natural kolinsky (a fur that has only recently made its début), baum marten and fox. New ideas are introduced in the working of the skins, and there is a fashion note about everything. A study in contrasts are the two models portrayed. Of regal magnificence is the silver fox cape; there is nowhere that a leader of fashion would not delight to wear it—not overlooking the fashionable Continental casino. The coat on the right in platina dyed white fox is perfectly beautiful, and in the making certain devices have been introduced, hence the skilful slimming effect

Pictures by Blake



By Appointment  
to the late  
King George V

## HISTORY'S GEM

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# Summer Sea Change



**C**RUISING and country specials are ever to be met at Harrods, Knightsbridge. As a matter of fact, they have a Cruising Shop on the first floor, where the accessories as well as the outfits may be studied. Illustrated on the left of this page is a backless beach frock and coatee. It is original and becoming in many colour schemes, and costs 6½ guineas. The material is known by the name of Suavalona. It has a shantung surface effect. In striking contrast is the suit next to it with its rather voluminous trousers. The stripes of the coatee are arranged to suggest a bolero, while the cost is 8 guineas. The trousers are bright blue, and pale blue is present in the cummerbund and jacket. Very difficult to describe is the outfit at the top of the page on the right. The colours are reversed in the coat. It costs 3 guineas, and is a four-piece—shorts, skirt, shirt and handkerchief. By the way, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Harrods specialize in woven cotton shirts for 7s. 6d., and in all-wool flannel slacks for 20s. These make excellent holiday companions. Then the shoes and hats are unusual, intriguing and pleasant in price.

# Hurrah for

# DAKS

*...the perfect  
slacks for  
women!*



Whether you're already addicted to trousers or have never worn a pair in your life—you'll fall for women's Daks! Same sleek fit at the waist, same faultless hang, shirt control and comfort-in-action as men's Daks. And made in the same fifty colours and eight materials. Get grey or blue flannels for week-ends. Wear clean crash cheviots for golf. Have gay crease-resisting linens for the beach. There are Daks jackets tailored in the same perfect way to match. Get one—and be complete in a Daks suit! Daks are sold at all good women's shops and local Daks agents, who will show you the complete 1939 colour chart. If you have any difficulty, write to Simpson, 202 Piccadilly, London, W.1. Daks, 30/- Daks jackets, **from 3 gns.**

TAILORED BY SIMPSON



NOWADAYS women all the world over realize that there is nothing more important than hats; as a matter of fact they have been called "admirable letters of introduction." Therefore, every one must make a point of visiting the model millinery salons at Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, where there are a number of the loveliest, nevertheless the simplest models to be seen. As pounds, shillings and pence are very important it must be related that the prices range from 29s. 6d to many pounds. Endowed with an indelible cachet is the chef d'oeuvre at the top of the page. It is of white straw trimmed with white wings and a gay red interrogation mark

HIGH crowns are important features of the group on the right. Nevertheless, how different they are. Smooth black straw makes the hat at the top, massed with baby Valenciennes lace. A twist of canary coloured velvet ribbon is introduced, while personality may be expressed in the voluminous veil. The high straw hat on the right has the crown gartered with ribbon and misted with lace; it is a particularly clever alliance. The last of the trio is carried out in tucked organdie; the smart bow in front is of soft rouleaux



Pictures by Blake

*The vagaries of Summer  
demand the consistencies of*  
**KIA·ORA**



# Good Friends

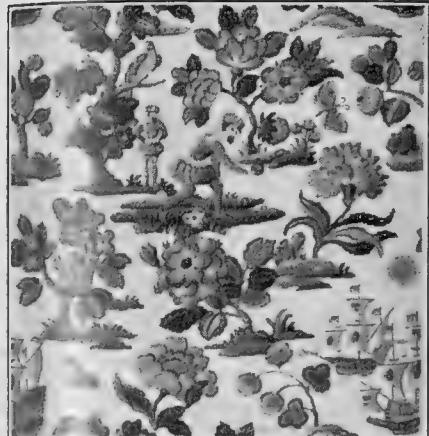
THE Braemar pullovers on this page tell their own story, suggesting that the holidays are within measurable distance. The colour schemes are subtle; in some pastel shades predominate, and in others plumage and floral colours. The two models on the left of the page are of pure cashmere, that is, 100 per cent cashmere. Although warm they are perfectly ventilated, hence they are never oppressive even during the dog-days. Attention to fashion's commands is noticeable in the sleeves, also in the necklines, which are totally different one from the other. The pullover which accompanies the skirt, on the far right, is of alpaca, and is a study in marine and pale blue shades. It is available in other colour schemes. The simulated belt must be noticed.

Pictures by Blake



BLouses and pullovers have returned to favour and Braemar tweed makes the skirt shown above. There are many variations on this theme, in colourings to harmonize with the Braemar jumpers and twin sets. They are sold practically everywhere; when difficulties occur in obtaining them, write to Innes, Henderson, of Hawick, for their nearest agent.

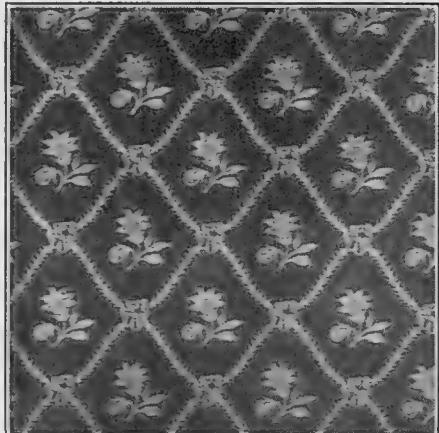
# HAMPTON'S FURNISHING FABRICS



**Hampton's K.2873.** This design has been adapted from an old English Sampler, depicting Sir Francis Drake playing bowls before the arrival of the Spanish Armada. It is printed on a very heavy Flax Linen in rich, old-world colours. In three colour schemes: Blue, Green and Brown, all on a Natural coloured ground. 30 in. wide. Exclusive Design.

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**2'11½ PER YARD**



**Hampton's K.2159.** A useful Damask in a small trellis design, woven from good quality mercerised yarns. A fabric that can be thoroughly recommended for inexpensive Loose Covers and Curtains. In four good colours: Rose, Gold, Fife and Green. Fast Colour. 30 in. wide.

**PER YARD**  
**5'11**



**Hampton's K.2131.** A fine quality Printed Linen, with the design adapted from a Chintz of the Queen Anne period. This Linen is printed with the very best dyes and is thoroughly recommended for Curtains and Loose Covers. In three colour schemes: Rose, Green and Gold; Copper, Green and Gold; Blue, Green and Brown; all on a Natural coloured ground. 30 in. wide. Exclusive Design.

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This new shade—MODERNE—is also obtainable in Face Powder, Rouge, Velvet of Peaches Foundation Cream and Nail Polish from good class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.



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## 'Caprice' corselette Cool, and it washes perfectly

Summery and cool—yet it controls your figure beneath your slimmest dress. A Corselette in Lastex Net, panelled to support without boning. Detachable straps and suspenders. Tea Rose. Busts 32 to 38. **59/6**

'Caprice' Fitting Week, June 12  
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**Harvey Nichols  
Knightsbridge**



Catherine Bell  
MISS RHONA STILEMAN

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Stileman, of Bombay, who is engaged to Mr. Giles Guthrie, only son of Sir Connop Guthrie, Bt., K.B.E., and Lady Guthrie, of Brent Eleigh Hall, Lavenham, Suffolk

Mrs. Dubosc Taylor, and Cecilia Virginia Vivienne Clark, only daughter of the Hon. Adrian Clark, O.B.E., and Mrs. Southey, of Eastleigh, Warminster; Mr. O. E. Crosthwaite Eyre, elder son of Major and Mrs. Crosthwaite Eyre, of Warrens, Bramshaw, Lyndhurst, and Marie, elder daughter of Baron and Baroness Heinrich Puthon, of Schloss Mirabell, Salzburg; Captain E. N. H. Bryant, the Royal Tank regiment, elder son of Charles H. Bryant, M.D., of Copsale, Horsham, and the late Mrs. Bryant, and Mildred Mary, elder daughter of Sir Adam and Lady Ritchie, of Boreham Manor, Chelmsford; Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Unwin, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Valiant*.



Vandyk  
MISS MONICA WILSON

Who is engaged to Mr. D. Lacy-Hulbert, youngest son of the late Mr. C. E. Lacy-Hulbert and Mrs. Lacy-Hulbert, of Warlingham. Miss Wilson is the elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel P. N. Wilson, D.S.O., M.C., The Royal Fusiliers and Mrs. Wilson, Drax House, Orcheston, Wilts

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

### Marrying Abroad.

ON June 10 Mr. T. Lee is marrying Miss Fiona Mackenzie in Auckland, New Zealand, and at Penang, on June 17, Mr. J. S. S. Prest, Royal Artillery, is marrying Miss Margaret Johnson. On June 20 Mr. I. Jeffrey, only son of Captain J. A. Jeffrey, late 13th Hussars, of Pitmillie, Fife, and Mrs. Jeffrey, will marry Vibekke, younger daughter of Forpagter Gustav Knipschildt, and the late Fru Musse Knipschildt, Copenhagen. The wedding will take place in Denmark.

\* \* \*

### Recent Engagements.

Captain G. Dubosc Taylor, Scots Guards, only son of Captain Frederick John Dubosc Taylor, and the late



Pearl Freeman  
MISS AUDREY RICHARDSON

The daughter of the late Sir Lewis Richardson, Bt., C.B.E., and of Lady Richardson, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, who is engaged to Mr. J. H. M. Raby, son of Canon A. Raby, M.A., and the late Mrs. Raby, of Leicester



May Wrightson  
MISS ELIZABETH BROADLEY

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. L. Broadley, of Priest Hill, Limpsfield, who is engaged to Lieutenant-Commander The Hon. David Edwardes, R.N., the second surviving son of the late Lord and Lady Kensington

grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Owen Unwin, and Elizabeth Strong, eldest daughter of Professor and Mrs. D. K. Henderson, of Tintern House, Edinburgh; Mr. D. H. Jupp, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Jupp, of Stormont Road, Highgate, and Sheila, daughter of Sir Rowland and Lady Mallett, of The Gables, Minchinhampton, Glos., the marriage will take place in Canada at the end of August; Mr. C. E. Fane, only son of the late Major E. C. Fane, The Prince of Wales's Volunteers, and of Mrs. Fane, of Bath, Somerset, and Beatrice, younger daughter of Major-General J. S. Gallie, C.B., C.I.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Gallie, Winifred,



Harlip  
MISS MARGARET DUPREE

Who is engaged to Captain D. H. Browne, son of the late Colonel Percy J. Browne, C.B., and of Mrs. Percy Browne, of Ashley Wood House, Blandford. Miss Dupree is the younger daughter of the late Colonel Sir William Dupree, Bart. and of Marion, Lady Dupree, of Upperfold, Liphook, Hants



..... and so too, your Dunlop  
'Fort' Tyres glide smoothly over  
the road surface, your pleasure  
intensified by the added safety  
of their firm-holding teeth.

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NEW YORK

### Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 457)

An old friend, who desires to be known only as "M.B.," and who was on that Tibet show in 1904 and now is far from this land, writes and says he thinks that in a recent note on these operations, I might have handed our little screw guns (only ten pounders) a few more bouquets for the good job they did, considering the nature and strength of the targets they were up against, far thicker than any of the towers of the frontier forts on the North-West. I admit not emphasizing this, but I think I did say summat about the high-class shooting they made. A little ten-pounder against a stone curtain wall about six feet thick and flanked by towers equally strongly built, but of course not quite so heavily protected, is rather like a pea-shooter trying to drill a hole in H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*. They did it, however, at Gyantse, and other places.

\* \* \*

If I remember, these batteries at Gyantse came into action at about 1700 yards and it took them all the morning to knock a practicable breach in that curtain wall.

"Sheppard, the Sapper" (rackets specialist) had no hand in the demolition. His job was only to blow in the main gate of a place they called the Chinese House, and I remember his turning round with a grin on his face and saying: "I know I'll be killed!" not meaning a word of it, because the "Tybets," though at very close range—a few yards—were not exactly Bisley class. They were great shooters, but poor hitters. Unfortunately, one chap, poor young Burdon, was killed, but by the explosion of one of our own demolition charges.

\* \* \*

The batteries were rather short of common shell, so they wasted nothing. The shooting on the towers was a treat to watch: first round a bit of a dent and lots of dust; second round bang on the same spot, a bit more dust and splintered stone, and about the third one went inside and the tower shook with the burst and spouted smoke through the cracks. About the sixth or seventh round did the trick, or, at any rate, made the inside uninhabitable. About four-thirty in the afternoon the guns managed to register on the "Tybets'" powder supply, and it went up with a big noise and much smoke. My friend "M.B." says he thinks Sir Francis Young-husband brought off a first class bluff because the gunners could not guarantee knocking such a strong place as Gyantse endways with their little pop-guns. Anyway, they did it, and that between sunrise and sunset. Nice work!

\* \* \*

It was all rather mediæval and the only things not employed were scaling ladders. They might have been useful, because it was a bit precipitous. A V.C. was awarded to Grant, 8th Gurkhas, who was the first man through the breach in the curtain wall and was rather lucky not to be done in in spite of the enemy's quite primitive marksmanship. Danger or not, it was all rather exhausting because everyone had been up all night—rations and drink bad and not much time for them anyway and all hands dog-tired by flea-bag time. The really perilous thing about the capture of Gyantse was the Tibetan beer. We thought first of all that it was the deaders which were hitting up such an appalling stench, but discovered later that it was the local breweries. I have never struck anything to come near it and they must be a very hardy race to be able to drink it and survive.



*Lenore*  
MISS BEATRICE NICOLA WELD-FORESTER

The charming little daughter of Commander and Mrs. Weld-Forester. She is a god-daughter of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice and is seen here in the bridesmaid's dress which she wore at Miss Drummond Moray's wedding. Her father and mother spend most of their time in Munich, where he is attached to the British Consulate



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**Air Eddies**—(Continued from page 464)

claimed to be exceptionally well adapted to big factory outputs. Captain Baker flew the machine and threw it about in a manner which showed that he has not lost his cunning. Although it has a fixed pitch airscrew, the machine took off in twelve and a half seconds, and showed what seemed—so far as judgment by eye could tell—to be a good turn of speed and climb.

**Isle of Man.**

**Congratulations to Flying-Officer Geoffrey de Havilland** for his win in the Hatfield—Isle of Man race. It looks as if that famous name is going to consolidate its position still further in the world of aviation. The process has already been so continuous that it has been particularly hard for the newspaper people to distinguish son from father and to prevent giving Geoffrey de Havilland the credit for aeronautical achievements which occurred before he was born, and were in fact the achievements of Geoffrey de Havilland, Senr. However, the people most concerned do not seem to mind much when these mistakes occur, and I suppose that so long as the achievements remain in the family all is well.

On with the C.A.G.

Fine weather invariably gives help to flying for fun, and

there has been lately quite a lot of aviation for the sake of aviation.

Private flying and club flying, too, are undergoing their seasonal

activity increase. I hear, by the way, that there are still a few

vacancies for the popular Deauville Weekend Aérien, and also for the new and picturesque Plantagenet Air Rally at Angers. Those who want to go to these shows should get in touch with the Royal Aero Club which has all the details. There are few things more delightful than the entertainments invented for the Deauville and Angers events.

\* \* \*

**A**n interesting addition to the range of bodywork available on the "Prefect" (10 h.p.) chassis is announced by the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., in the form of an attractive drop-head coupé. One of the tendencies recently has been the growing popularity of convertible bodies. There have been relatively few of this class offered as standard on popular medium-sized chassis, however, and therefore the Ford development is likely to be particularly welcome. The price of the "Prefect" Drop-head Coupé is £185.

The car seats four comfortably and the spaciousness of the rear compartment is a particularly good point. The neat head folds flush with the body and can also be adjusted to an intermediate or *coupé de ville* position.



THE AMBASSADEURS AT DEAUVILLE  
OPENS WITH A GRAND GALA

Two more of the many people who attended this inaugural and very gay social function, dealt with on page 433, were Mrs. C. R. Fairey, wife of the aircraft manufacturer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Francis Shelmerdine. Sir Francis, who is Director-General of Civil Aviation, commenced his military career with the Green Howards, later transferring to the R.A.F., and he has since held several important posts

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DERICK

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## Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 458)

**Laconia.** We shall be the first Englishmen to take advantage of the new touring facilities in the States, which legalized the use of British number plates and driving licences without extra payment and formalities. It is to be hoped that these advantages obtained through the good offices of Graham Lyon of Autocheques may be mutually enjoyed and that very soon our American friends will be able to visit us under a scheme equally free from hot air and paper-filling formulæ.

### Finding the Form.

To one who has never visited America the J.C.C. trip is an adventure approached with the same thrill that a child regards its first party. And as one's ideas on Americans and America are largely influenced by the films it would seem that we ought to enjoy a boisterous and exciting trip topped up with a certain amount of glamour. But just to find the form out there I've been cross-questioning my more-travelled friends. They tell me they park cars end to end and not at an angle to the streets. And as there's hardly an inch to spare you bumper your way out of the row. As the bumpers are all set at the same height and not at a lot of different levels as in this country, people become expert at this jostling stuff. But we shan't like it much if some racketty object starts making improper advances to our "Phantom III." Then I'm told that our ideas on time and distance will need modifying. For instance it's quite possible to be asked to a party eighty miles away and, thanks to the marvellous concrete National highways, to be able to get there in not much over the hour. Other points to look out for are the whirlwind surge of cars jumping off from the traffic lights in town, and super-modern ideas in road construction which dwarf in ingenuity and enterprise even the elaborate German clover-leaf crossings.

Apparently it will be frightfully hot. For which reason one de-jackets on every available opportunity. To do this gracefully you dispense with braces. Linen suits are modish and cost less than a pound over there. People buy half a dozen at a time and have them washed frequently. You seldom dress in the evening but if you do a white dinner jacket and black tie seem to be the thing. For ordinary touring the clothes we wear in England when it's hot are quite suitable.

Our party is armed with its own cars. But this is an expensive way of touring the States because you can buy a Ford "V-8" or Chevrolet over there for a little over £100 and a fine big Buick for £200. They would have left-hand steering and could be sold at the

end of the trip. These prices are so low that our transatlantic friends will be flabbergasted when they discover that some of our smaller cars cost twice as much and that our super cars such as the Rolls are nearly twenty times the price.

### A New Silent Running Tyre.

One of the latest things to be tackled by tyre makers is the achievement of silent running. As cars become quieter other sounds make themselves evident. Among them are what are known as high-speed whine and low-speed groan. Then some tyres are apt to squeal when a corner is taken fast or faster than was possible in the days of more unstable kinds of cars. These and other problems have now been boldly tackled by the Avon tyre people who have just produced a particularly workmanlike-looking article. Their aim has been to obtain silent running, a high degree of road holding with good corner grip and long life. The new Avon is exceptionally robust in construction and the fact that it attains its non-skid properties without employing a nobbly tread is an interesting development.

### More Miles from your Tyres.

Tyre-making technique has now reached such a pitch of perfection that treads wear out before the casings. For this reason it is possible to retread tyres several times whereas in the old days the casing generally failed before the tread was worn out. The maintenance of the correct pressure within the tube is the most important factor in securing maximum mileage. Tyre pressures should be tested weekly, for a drop in pressure of only a few pounds means a comparatively much greater drop in wear-resisting quality. It is also advisable always to use the same pressure gauge, otherwise faulty reading may result. The load carried by the tyre, the speed and even climatic conditions all influence tyre life. Possibly you may not have realized that a tyre wears less in winter than in summer because it runs cooler.

### Service When Touring Abroad.

Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot owners planning a Continental holiday are offered a new and useful service. For the makers will now supply a small crate of properly packed and carefully chosen spare parts, with invoices in triplicate, to facilitate their passage through the customs. Upon the parts being returned after the tour to the local dealer or distributor, the £5 laid out in the first place is refunded. This is a very sound scheme and prevents one's holiday schedule being put out of gear by the failure of some small part.



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*Mr. Percy Bradley, in "The Sphere," 22nd October, 1938.*

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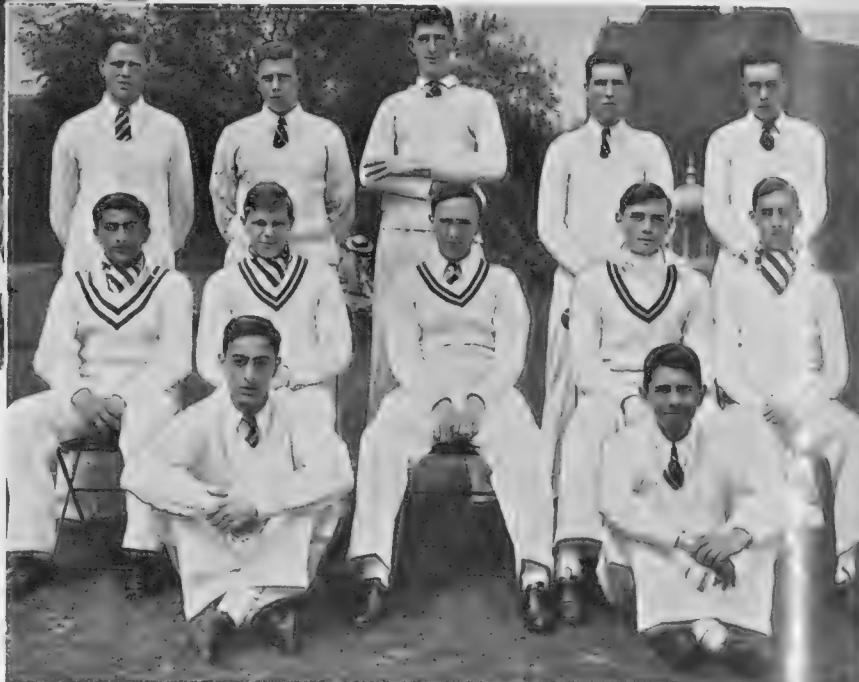
THE I.Z. XI WHO DREW WITH ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL  
AT WEST KENSINGTON

Before declaring the I.Z. made 332 for 6 to the School's 152 for 5. H. L. Dewhurst made a nice 139 before being bowled by Mathews, and M. Ward knocked up a 70 not out. Included in the group are, standing, (l. to r.): M. A. Paterson, B. M. Carlisle, J. A. L. Leeming, C. A. Field-Marsham, Sir W. F. Wrixon Beecher, A. Percival. Sitting: M. Ward, Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. Reynolds, H. L. Dewhurst, J. Campbell Walker, J. H. Nevinson

## THE I.Z. versus ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

BELOW: THE ST. PAUL'S XI

So far this term St. Paul's have defeated the Wanderers and Mill Hill School, in the latter they won by an innings and 39 runs. Dailey, the fifteen-year-old bowler, took 5 for 11. L. to r., standing: P. A. Mann, D. A. Dailey, B. J. Hennessy, A. H. J. N. Walker, W. G. Mathews. Sitting: M. A. Rahman, H. W. Arnold, N. M. Mischler (captain), H. K. Brett, R. J. Randolph. On ground: T. P. Joaquim and A. D. C. Lewis



Photos: Stuart

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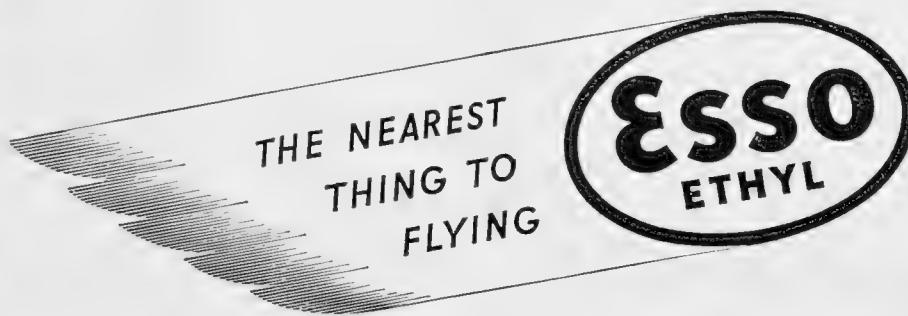
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STOPS MUFFLED PINKING**



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**Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 462)**

so beloved by successive teams of tennis Blues, for whom he was like the crusty uncle of fiction, who underneath an unprepossessing exterior possesses a heart of pure gold. For those like myself who only came to know him in latter years, it was a great and illuminating shock—I speak from personal experience—to make a tour of the pavilion of Fenner's, turning from group to group framed on the walls—Malfroy, Gandar Dower, Dickie Ritchie, Jimmy Van Allen, Lizzy, Douglas Freshwater—back, back, till before the War, you suddenly catch sight of a smiling, god-like youth, in his fairness, who had no premonition, praise be, those carefree, cherry-bright summer days, of what was to be his destiny . . . of the battle scars, searing his soul as well as his flesh, that were to remain with him and torture his secret consciousness in the years again of a troubled peace. And now he rests in peace, now he is dead, but his spirit still haunts Fenner's, but in such a friendly, unhurt way that I am not shy to make the comment, as it is stripped of all morbidity.

Don't you yourself believe that men come back to haunt the places where they were happiest on earth? It doesn't seem an exaggerated theory to me, considering how eager one is, even in the short span of one's mortal life, to revisit again and again the spots where one has found the blue bird, been so close to it that one could really see the sheen upon its wings. So, in a curious way, do I feel myself about Fenner's, though, alas, at the time when most boys go up to the Varsity, I had been already earning my living in the world of reality for several years. But now for three summers, I have been fortunate enough to be chosen for the team that George Godsell takes down and even the rain last year could not damp my enthusiastic anticipation. And miracle of miracles, this time the sun shone brilliantly from a cloudless sky and, what is more, we ended up with a sweeping victory of eleven matches to four. But perhaps it wasn't such a miracle after all,

considering that the team contained Ted Avory, another Old Blue returned to the scene of many of his greatest successes, though personally, I feel that his greatest triumph of all is really to have remained an amateur, unscarred, all these years, like Nigel Sharpe, and into the bargain, to have built up a successful business career, to have married a beautiful wife (unlike Mr. Sharpe, who is eternally so surrounded by a galaxy of beauty that he is bewildered and bemused),

and, perhaps most important of all from the point of view of this page, to still succeed in holding at bay the importuning shots of a new generation of tennis Blues, and to be as fresh as they are at the end of the day. Again, in the team, it must be remembered there was the most improved player of the year, who both against Oxford and Cambridge, set a high standard as captain by winning all his matches but one. And that one would have been doubtless in the bag, too, if George Godsell had not most generously partnered myself. It was a very pleasant experience for me and most inspiring, especially the moment in one match, when he proceeded at three all in the third set, and 30—40 down, to make three successive winning shots in turn, to give us a vital lead, and all three strokes perfect of their kind. First a sizzling forehand down one tram line. Then a lob that raised the chalk on the opponents' back line. And then a service ace. As we crossed over, I remember thinking once more how the test of real class is how somehow or other when the crisis comes for a player to hang on to the vital points, no matter what risks have to be taken.

And that reminds me, I could not finish with our visit to Cambridge without referring to the marvellous party given by the captain of their team, Mr. Nicolaides (what is the Greek for monsieur?), in his rooms in college. After playing eleven sets, I dragged myself up the staircase, quite gone at the hocks, to be revived in an instant by great jugs of hock cup that had to be drunk to be believed. What hospitality! What company! What sport!



FINALISTS IN THE CIRENCESTER  
TENNIS TOURNAMENT

H. Billington with A. D. Brown, the New Zealander, whom he beat in two straight sets, 6-2, 6-4, in the finals of the Men's Open Singles, played off before a large crowd in brilliant weather



## *The Lady desires to be anonymous . . .*

but graciously consents to the publication of this picture of beauty and charm enhanced by a carefully chosen two-row necklace. It is whispered among her friends that these wonderful pearls must have cost a small fortune, but that's her secret, and Tecla's. Besides rare specimens costing over a thousand pounds Tecla has fine quality cultured real pearl necklets at prices down to as little as five guineas per row—guaranteed for a lifetime. May we show

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Photo: H. J. Barratt

THE LEICESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY IN CAMP AT BURGHLEY PARK

This camp of exercise is the best for years and was held by kind permission of the Marquess of Exeter in Burghley Park near Stamford. The Leicestershire are one of the few yeomanry cavalry units still left on their horses and as will be noticed from the subjoined list include an M.F.H. or two among their officers, Mr. Peter Paget and Mr. Luke Lillingston being in the group. The full names in the picture are as follows:

Standing: Lieutenant P. Buxton, Lieutenant-Quartermaster G. L. Vokins, M.M., Lieutenant P. Paget, Second-Lieutenant G. Gore-Browne, Second-Lieutenant R. F. Wilson, Second-Lieutenant J. Fenwick, Second-Lieutenant R. Hoare, Second-Lieutenant M. E. Gillian, Lieutenant L. Lillingston, Lieutenant A. Hazelrigg, Lieutenant G. Williams, R.A.M.C. (T.). Sitting: G. E. Bouskell-Wade, Major C. H. S. Townsend, O.B.E., M.C., Major the Hon. Montjoy Fane, Major R. A. C. Tilney, R.A.V.C. (T.), Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel D. C. V. Sandford, Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. Spencer, T.D., Major J. S. Atkins, Major N. L. L. Palmer, Captain M. J. Babington-Smith, Captain the Hon. B. T. Brassey, Captain the Lord de Eresby. In front: Second-Lieutenant E. Channel, Lieutenant J. Curzon, Second-Lieutenant T. Hazelrigg, Second-Lieutenant T. Haywood.

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FALCONERS CHARLOCK

Property of Mrs. Jameson Higgins

seen about. Fifty thousand dogs are registered every year at the Kennel Club. What becomes of them? Anyone would think that the misfits would have percolated down to ordinary life—but no. The good old brown and yellow mongrel is with us still, and I suppose always will be.

The Taunton Show is scheduled to open on June 15. This is a particularly pleasant open-air show, and well worth a visit. Taunton is usually blessed with a fine day, let's hope it will be this year.

I should think there has hardly ever been a breed of dog as popular as the Cocker Spaniel. Wherever you go, in towns or in the country, there are Cockers. He is a delightful dog in every way, very handsome, with a variety of colouring which is most attractive, and he is also a dog of delightful character, very good-tempered and not snappy, which makes him specially suitable for children. As a show dog he is an enormous favourite. Cockers almost invariably head the list at shows, and the Cocker ring is crowded all day. The photograph is of an inmate of one of the most famous kennels of Cockers in the world, that of Mrs. Jameson Higgins. Mrs. Higgins relies chiefly on her bitches, of which she has bred a wonderful series for many years, one winning lady succeeding the other with extreme regularity, all home bred. The bitch in the photograph is Falconers Charlock, one of the younger generation who won well last year. She is of a lovely stamp, as the photograph shows. This year she is occupied with a family, so has not been shown.

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

It is always a perpetual wonder to me how few pure bred dogs one sees in towns and villages, in fact, how few dogs of any pretensions to a breed at all are

Another favourite, this time the Sealyham Terrier. Though he only made his débüt at shows just before the War he was well known in Wales for many years



CUPBOARD FULL

Property of the Misses Verrall



DANDIES

Property of Miss Glaisher

before. He has undergone a good deal of transformation since his early days, and is now a smart-looking dog. One sees an enormous lot of Sealyhams in this country, where they appear great favourites. They are very popular as show dogs, too, though there is a good deal of art in putting them down successfully. The Misses Verrall's Sealyhams are well known to us; these ladies have done extremely well at shows with their home-bred dogs. There are always puppies and young dogs for sale, suitable either for shows or as companions. The dogs can be seen any time by appointment.

The Dandie is one of the short-legged terriers of Scotland. There is no doubt terriers of this kind have been known for generations on the Border. When used for his original work he is game and tenacious in the extreme, and his short legs and strong lithe body enable him to go to ground with ease; his only drawback being that he is almost too keen. In ordinary life the Dandie is a delightful companion, very intelligent, gentle and friendly. He has a deep bark which keeps undesirables away. Miss Glaisher has a good and successful kennel of Dandies. The photograph is of two of them returning from a show. She usually has puppies for sale quite moderately as companions to good homes. There are, of course, others also. Miss Glaisher runs a successful boarding kennel at Longfield in Kent, so her hands are full. Visitors are always welcome to see the dogs at the boarding kennels.

Letters to Miss Bruce, "Nuthooks," Cadnam, Southampton



### PANAMA HATS FOR SUMMER

Model M.3522

A most comfortable hat, and attractive as well, with its folded crown and sweeping brim lines. Ideal for holidays on land or sea. Good for large fittings. Price 25/-

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Removes unwanted hair

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**SECRET SEAL**  
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Just as 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' counteracts internal acidity so these unique Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams soothe away acidity of the skin externally and restore flawless skin texture.

#### PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM

Here at last is the perfect way to get all the beneficial, beauty-giving action of 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' for your skin! This delightful milky-white, greaseless cream smoothes away roughness, corrects oiliness and

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To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you've got to counteract that acidity and 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the way to do it. A sparkling, refreshing glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' shifts the worst headache in a few seconds and at the same time definitely counteracts excess acidity. Remember 'Bromo-Seltzer' contains no aspirin and it has no awkward laxative effect. It's a grand two-fold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Tiredness, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

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STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS by SEA, AIR and TRAIN

# SUMMER HOLIDAYS ABROAD

By BRYAN BROADSTAFFE

IT is not surprising that holidays abroad are very popular with people in this country, since the facilities offered by the various railways and air lines for crossing to the Continent in ease and comfort are so numerous and up to date, whilst the concessions offered by various Continental railways, combined with extremely moderate hotel prices, make the proposition an extremely attractive one from the point of view of one's purse. There is, too, a great fascination in seeing foreign lands and in making acquaintance with their peoples, and apart from the pleasure this gives, there is the knowledge one acquires of other view-points concerning questions of the day, and, in lighter vein, there is the joy of discovering new and delightful methods of cuisine and wines of rare vintage.

Some of the most charming resorts in Europe are very close at hand. Le Touquet, on the coast of Picardy, in France, twenty miles from Boulogne, has fine bathing and good golf and tennis, and its smart hotels, popular bars and cafés, cabarets and casinos make it a particularly bright spot for a summer holiday. Then on the Norman coast, with a delightful hinterland, which gives one a chance of motoring to such thrilling historic places as Rouen, Caen, Bayeux, with its famous tapestry of the "Battle of Hastings," and Lisieux, is Deauville, with a front bordered by beautiful gardens and a beach that is world-famed, where you meet interesting people from almost every part of the globe, and one of the gayest of gay places at the height of the season. Its hotels are the last word in luxury, and their prices are most reasonable, its casino is noted for high play, facilities for golf and tennis are on a lavish scale, horse-racing on two courses is another of its attractions, likewise regattas (it has a special port which can accommodate the largest yachts), and it is very fortunate in possessing a direct air service. France has numbers of charming resorts along the rugged and picturesque coast of Brittany, where you get such delicacies as lobsters at their best, Biarritz and Jean-de-Luz, on the Basque coast, have a summer season, so, too, the resorts on the Riviera, Juan-les-Pins being extremely attractive in summer time, whilst the Monte Carlo bathing beach is a revelation in seaside luxury. There are, also, the French spas for holiday-makers, one of the most pleasant, Evian, on the southern shore of Lake Geneva, with a very up-to-date beach and a fine casino, with gardens leading to the water's edge. There is yachting as well as bathing, an alluring amusement programme, and the views of the mountains from the pretty terraced town are enchanting. Vichy, Vittel and Contrexéville are among other spas offering a very pleasurable summer-time holiday, and those who are fond of mountain scenery will not regret a stay at Chamonix, in the Alps, or at Cauterets, in the Pyrenees.

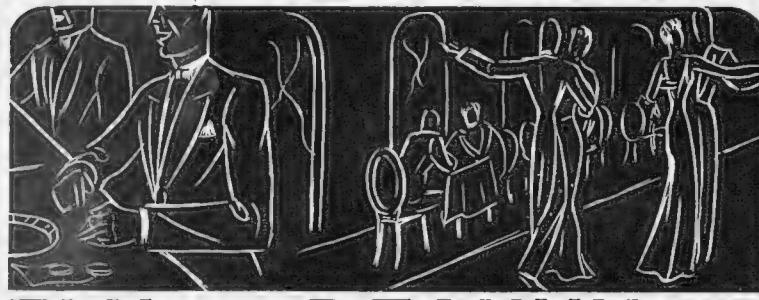
The bathing in Belgium is of the best. Sandy beaches slope gently towards



THE PLAGE, EVIAN, LAKE OF GENEVA

the sea and where promenades end, the sand dunes begin, and there are sheltered spots for sun-bathing under conditions that are ideal. Ostend has miles of golden sands, and for sport and amusement it is one of the best organized resorts in the world. Its Casino-Kursaal is a magnificent building, with a reputation for play not very far removed from that of Monte Carlo, and the concert hall, where there is one of the finest of orchestras, is one of the largest in the world. Horse-racing, on the really splendid course at the Wellington Hippodrome, is a feature of the summer season, when the Grand International is run, and, what is not so generally known, Ostend is a spa, with alkaline springs, situated in the Léopold Park (Park Spring) and at the Thermal Palace, on the seafront. Blankenberghe almost rivals Ostend—with its sands, Kursaal and promenade, and it certainly has a fine pier. Like Ostend, it has a very large number of hotels, of all grades, and the range of choice as regards price is quite remarkable. During recent years, among the larger Belgian seaside resorts, Le Zoute has come very much to the fore. Built in a very pleasing modern style, with wide streets and shady walks, and a spacious promenade, possessing a three-mile stretch of sand, with vast tracts uncovered at low tide, when tennis, hockey and cricket can be played, and skirted by sand dunes and pine forests, three first-class eighteen-hole golf courses, and hotel accommodation of the first standard, it is easy to understand why Le Zoute is so popular. Good bathing, and a fine open situation, with splendid facilities for enjoying the open-air life to the full, characterize the smaller Belgian seaside resorts such as Middlekerke, Westende, Freedene, Wenduine and Le Coq, and a holiday on the coast of Belgium gives

(Continued on page xxxiii)



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London (Waterloo) dep.	8.15 a.m.
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Daylight Services in return direction, Sunday, July 16,  
and every Friday and Sunday (July 23—September 3).

These New Services are entirely additional and the augmented Night Services, June to September, will run as last year.

Ask for Special Folder, giving details of Daylight Services, from Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1, or any Office or Travel Agency of the

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Colden sands, marvellous bathing, famous resorts, wonderful old cities of art, spas and the beautiful forest and river scenery of the Ardennes, with Casinos, cafes, dancing and all kinds of health-giving sports, combine to make a holiday in Belgium a memorable experience.

The season is packed with interesting events, including the International Water Exhibition at Liege (May-November), the Memlinc Exhibition of Paintings at Bruges and the picturesque Play of the Holy Blood, also at Bruges (August 5th-13th).

The low cost of living favours the British holiday-maker. Hotels are good, modern and inexpensive.

**NEW!** Belgian Tourist Voucher (4s. 6d.) affording a reduction of 35% in fares on the Belgian Railways; also reduced entrance fees to places of interest.

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Register happiness by registering your baggage!

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Distinction invariably finds its own level. That is why these charming dry white wines are now enjoying preference where only 'the best' is good enough . . .

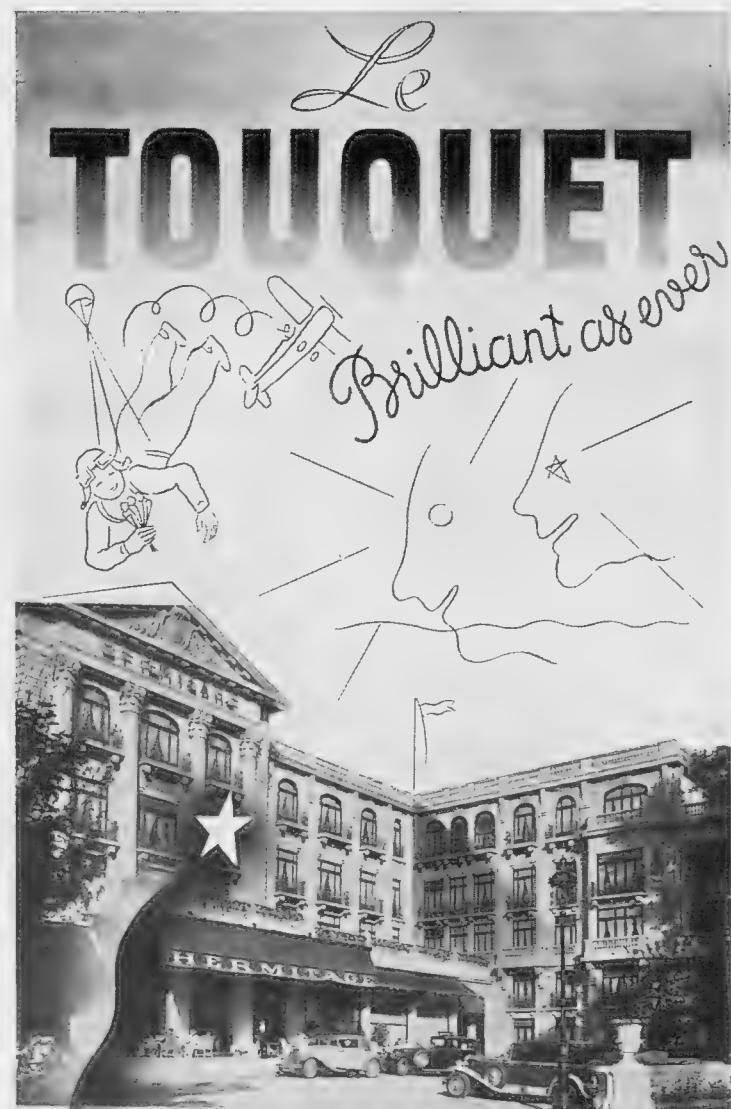
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under same direction, on the beach, open from 23rd June and throughout the summer ★ From Whitsun on Croydon-Le Touquet by Air Imperial Airways



HOTEL HERMITAGE NOW OPEN

## Summer Holidays Abroad—(Continued from page xxx)

opportunities for a visit to historic Zeebrugge, and to the fine old art cities of Belgium—Bruges, Ghent, Malines, Louvain, Tournai, and others, and to the splendid capital, Brussels, and the neighbouring battlefield of Waterloo.

The baths are one of the principal features of Budapest, for that charming city, set so romantically astride the Danube, the rocky, fortress-crowned heights of old Buda looking down majestically upon modern Pest, is Europe's largest spa, with no less than nine most luxuriously appointed thermal bathing establishments, where you can take invigorating spring waters as well as bathe in them. Two of the largest are magnificent buildings, with the most attractive surroundings, the Széchenyi and the St. Gellért, the former is situated in the largest of the parks of Budapest, and has curative baths, and a large thermal swimming bath, with broad terraces and pavilions adjoining; the latter, at the foot of St. Gellért's Hill, on the embankment by the Danube, comprising an hotel, thermal springs, baths, a winter garden and a surf swimming pool, with a most artistic setting, and when it is thronged with bathers, and the great waves are set in motion, the scene is very exhilarating and greatly resembles surf-bathing at the seaside! Both of these establishments are owned by the City of Budapest, and they are equipped as pleasure resorts in the most up-to-date style. It can be very warm in Budapest in mid-summer, and then, the most delightful retreat imaginable is St. Margaret Isle, an island in mid-Danube, and yet in the heart of the city, so that you get there from almost any point by taxi in a few minutes, where there are shady walks and lawns and rose gardens, and always a cool breeze, and where, too, there are hotels and restaurants, sports' grounds, baths and boathouses—in fact, complete provision for sport and amusement and the inner man: in no part of the world have I ever met with a more charming summer playground. There are smart shops and fine thoroughfares in Pest, and rambling old lanes and quaint buildings in Buda, where, also, are the Royal Palace and the Coronation Church, which must be seen, and you must certainly dine in the open by the Danube at night, drink Tokay, and watch the lights of Buda across the river; nor is a visit to Budapest complete until you have listened to real gipsy music, and once you have heard it there, in a perfect "atmosphere," you will want to hear it many times again.

I fancy the special arrangements in

connexion with the Swiss National Exhibition at Zürich will lead a good many British visitors thither during the summer, for Zürich is one of the most interesting cities, and apart from the attractions of the exhibition, which is situated on both sides of the Lake of Zürich, one can take so many delightful trips—up to the Uetliberg, by funicular, from the summit of which there is a glorious view; the valley of the Sihl; picturesque Schafhausen, and the Rhine Falls; and by lake steamer to such resorts as quaint old Rapperswil, Küssnacht, Thalweil, Horgen, and Wädenswil. Another very pleasant lake-side resort in Switzerland in summer time is Locarno, situated at the foot of the Southern Alps, on the northern shore of Lake Maggiore, at the mouth of the River Maggia. It is a picturesque old-world town, with a very modern side as regards hotels, sports and amusements, for it has a casino and a theatre, and its Lido on the lake is one of Switzerland's best-equipped and brightest. As a centre for excursions among the mountains, and to resorts on Lake Maggiore, it is ideal, for Brissago and Ascona, the latter with pretty little Monte Verità perched above it, are within easy reach; there is grand scenery in the Val Maggia, and you can cross the Italian frontier and get down to Stresa and see the lovely Borromean Isles.

Good summer-time bathing in Italy is to be found at Viareggio, at Abbazia, on the Adriatic coast, and on the beautiful little Isle of Brioni, whilst, of course, at Venice, the Lido is superb and the Venetian water-fêtes furnish you with an experience never to be forgotten. There are some of the loveliest of lake-side resorts on Lake Como—Cernobbio, and the splendid Villa d'Este, Bellagio, Cadenabbia and Menaggio, and on Lake Garda—gay Gardone, Riva, Fasano and Malcesine. Motorists will find Garda particularly attractive, for a fine motor road encircles the lake and enables its superb scenery to be seen to perfection.

Another summer-time region of great beauty in Italy is that of the Dolomites, those fantastic peaks of magnesian limestone, variously tinted, which take on a marvellously varied colouring at sunset, and have come to be known as the mountains that blush! There are such well-known resorts as Merano, Cortina and Bolzano, where one can get the best of accommodation and all that is desired in the way of sport and amusement, and smaller resorts such as Braies Al Lago, Canazei, and Misurina, where you can have a holiday amid magnificent scenery and, to a certain extent, one off the beaten track, and you can enjoy open-air life to the full.



BUDAPEST—BUDA (LEFT) PEST (RIGHT)  
THE ROYAL PALACE IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE (LEFT)  
THE BLUE DANUBE FLOWS BETWEEN

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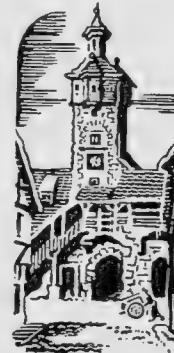
PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées. BERLIN: 32 Kurfürstendamm



## + OVER + TO THE CONTINENT



Holidays on the Continent are so easy to arrange nowadays. The Continental Departments and enquiry offices of the Railway Companies and the Travel Agencies are only too willing to help you to choose your destination and arrange your journey.



### AND WHAT A WEALTH OF CHOICE!

Once put the Channel or the North Sea between you and the daily round and the tonic effect of different life and surroundings is immediately felt. Try the golden sands of France or Belgium, the lakes and the blue skies of Italy. Switzerland, land of mountain sunshine. Holland, with its quaint cities and customs, or the scenic beauties of Norway, Sweden and Denmark.



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NEWHAVEN	- - -	DIEPPE	HARWICH	- - -	ESBJERG
SOUTHAMPTON	- - -	HAYRE	HULL	- - -	ROTTERDAM
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All information from Continental Departments, VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes), or any Station, Office or Agency of the Great Western; London Midland & Scottish; London & North Eastern or Southern Railways

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## SUMMER CRUISING IN MEDITERRANEAN, ATLANTIC, AND BALTIC WATERS —AND THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS

**A** CRUISING holiday in summer time is one of the most enjoyable imaginable, for the weather, at sea, is generally so good that you are in the open air for almost the maximum amount of time possible, and you are certainly able to take the fullest advantage of the abundant sunshine, and, if you go on a cruise to Northern waters, you get an extra amount of both daylight and sunshine. Also, on a summer-time cruise, you are far more likely to get good weather for your shore trips, and view foreign ports under ideal conditions. The lists of cruises offered by the leading steamship companies this summer are as full and as varied as ever, and their range includes the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Baltic Sea, also the pleasant and still waters of the Norwegian fjords.

"Gib" generally figures in a Mediterranean cruise, and the intensive A.R.P. programme now being carried out there lends the historic old Rock an added interest, and a stay at Villefranche gives a chance for sampling the fine bathing beach at Monte Carlo. Naples, for Vesuvius, and Palermo, for a glimpse of lovely Sicily, are Italian summer ports of call, and whilst you are in the Adriatic, it is more than likely that you will stop at those delightfully medieval and picturesque Dalmatian ports—Dubrovnik, Kotor, and Split. At this time of the year cruises often include some of the classic Isles of Greece, such as Delos, Melos, and Santorin, and go on, through the Aegean Sea, the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora, to Istanbul, most spectacular of cities, with miles of the walls built by the Roman Emperor Theodosius in the fifth century, and showing the breach made by Mahomed II when he conquered the city in 1453. St. Sophia, one of the world's most beautiful buildings, alone makes a visit to Istanbul worth while, the palaces of the Sultans, with their treasures, are now open to view, there are magnificent mosques, and to watch the sun setting behind their domes and minarets from Pera, across the Golden Horn, is really unforgettable.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE JOTUNHEIM MOUNTAINS FROM FRETHEIM: ON THE LOVELY SOGNE FJORD IN NORWAY



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Also 39 days Round Voyages from Liverpool to West Africa. First Class fare from £72. Write for details of sailings, etc.

**ELDER DEMPSTER LINES**  
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8 Spring Gardens, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.  
Whitehall 7674/7675 and Travel Agents.

Atlantic cruises often commence with a call at Lisbon, where there is much to be seen, and the contrast between the narrow, steep, and winding alleys of the Alfama, Roman and Moorish Lisbon, and the Avenida da Liberdade, is an amazing one, for the latter is one of the finest thoroughfares in Europe. You get a good run from Lisbon to Cintra, where the scenery is really fine, and a peep at Estoril and its attractive bathing beach is a pleasant interlude. It is rather warm in the summer time in the Canary Isles, though Orotava is a cool spot, with glorious views, but in Madeira you can have almost any climate you like, and the bathing there is ideal. The island is a perfect paradise for lovers of flowers, good motor roads make delightful excursions possible among the mountains, the casino and the British Country Club are joyful social spots, and for a caravanserai, Reid's is hard to beat, anywhere. Many summer cruises this year will lead to the New York World's Fair, for the special fares announced make such trips very attractive, and there is the opportunity, too, of going on trek across Canada and the United States at cut prices, seeing some of the finest of the world's scenery, and wonders such as the Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls.

Baltic cruises make the Northern Capitals their main objective, and take you to Stockholm, a city of waterways and beautiful buildings, the finest of these the post-War Town Hall, which has a splendid situation on the waterfront. You can spend days in Stockholm in a most interesting manner, which should include a visit to Skansen, and to Saltsjöbaden, famous for all kinds of water-sport, and twenty minutes distant by electric train. Helsinki is surprising

with its modernity, though buildings like the great Nikolai Church remind one that Russia once ruled Finland. Copenhagen is the brightest spot on the Baltic, with its smart restaurants and cafés, lining boulevards reminiscent of Paris. It has, too, an open-air amusement park, the Tivoli, claimed to be the largest in the world.

North Sea cruises take in Iceland, Spitzbergen, which now has a summer-time hotel, and the North Cape, from which you see the Midnight Sun, and almost all of the great fjords of Norway, where, in their narrowest parts, far inland (the Sogne Fjord is eighty miles long) you pass between precipitous cliffs rising from 2,000 to 3,000 feet almost sheer up from the water's edge, and see waterfalls, glaciers, and distant snow-clad mountain peaks. Motor-coach tours ashore from one fjord-head to another give you charming glimpses of Norwegian scenery and peasant life, and help to make a cruise on the fjords a very memorable experience.

BRYAN BROADSTAFFE.

## CRUISES DE LUXE by "STELLA POLARIS" to Peaceful NORWAY

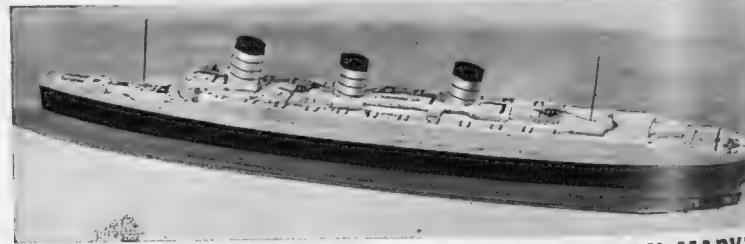
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JUNE 14	14 Days	FJORDS AND NORTH CAPE	Fares from £30
JUNE 29			
JULY 14	20 Days	FJORDS, NORTH CAPE AND SPITZBERGEN	Fares from £45
JULY 29			
AUGUST 19	21 Days	NORTHERN CAPITALS	Fares from £38

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The increase of visitors to Nassau from Britain last winter has resulted in several important announcements concerning the "ISLES OF JUNE": A weekly all-the-year-round service now runs from New York to Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, in conjunction with de luxe liners from Southampton; a new landing ground for aeroplanes has been completed on the island of New Providence, a few miles out of Nassau; the British Colonial Hotel and others of moderate price are to remain open throughout the year.

Sports and Pastimes include big-game fishing, polo, lawn tennis, golf, yachting, sailing and bathing. THE BAHAMAS are thus established as a summer holiday playground in addition to their amenities as a winter resort. Average temperatures in summer: 81 degrees. Winter temperatures average: 71 degrees.

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NASSAU  
IN THE BAHAMAS



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Lisbon.

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Norwegian Fjords, Northern Capitals.

AUG. 26 • 13 DAYS FROM 22 GNS.  
Azores, Las Palmas, Agadir, Lisbon.

SEPT. 9 • 23 DAYS FROM 39 GNS.  
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★ The Viceroy of India calls at Leith outward and homeward for embarking or disembarking passengers.

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AUG. 12  
BALTIC CRUISE  
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# Announcing THE NORTHOLT DERBY

1000 SOVS.

MONDAY · JUNE 12

*First day of meeting,  
Saturday, June 10*



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2/6 5/- 10/- PARK

FIRST RACE 3 P.M.

MEETINGS  
EVERY MONDAY AND  
MOST SATURDAYS  
DURING SEASON

## ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for a one-time domestic servant, but now at seventy-four too old to work, a poor old soul living alone on her old age pension and rapidly diminishing tiny savings. We have found a vacancy for her in a home for aged poor, but £6 per annum is necessary and they will not accept her until this is guaranteed for some years. Please send us £18 that we may secure this vacancy for her while it is still available and that she may feel she will be cared for in the late evening of her days.

\* \* \*

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will present, with justifiable pride, the third of their British productions, *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, at the Empire tomorrow, June 8. Like *A Yank at Oxford* and *The Citadel*, it will open with a gala première in the evening, to which the public will be admitted at ordinary Empire prices; it is the unvarying rule of the house never to alter its prices for however important an occasion (apart from charity midnight shows). You will see that M-G-M are not afraid of possible June sunshine. They have no need to be. In America, *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* is doing what appeared to be impossible—actually beating the figures of *The Citadel*.

The cast is headed, as you know, by Robert Donat, Greer Garson, and an impressive array of other British stage and screen stars.

\* \* \*

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week, that successful play by Anthony Kimmins, *While Parents Sleep*, is being presented and on Monday next they will present *French Without Tears* with Mackenzie Ward and Eileen Peel in their original parts.

\* \* \*

At the Richmond Theatre this week a new play by Aimee Stuart, author of *Nine Till Six* is being presented with the title of *Summer Snow*. The cast includes Mary Jerrold, Rosalyn Boulter, Patrick Barr and Dorothy Seacombe.

\* \* \*

Welcome news for English theatre-goers is the announcement by John C. Wilson that he will present Noel Coward in a new comedy in London early in the autumn. Not since *To-night at Eight-Thirty* in 1936 has Coward appeared in one of his own comedies, and he hopes that the forthcoming play, which he is in the process of writing, will live up to the high standard set by those fine sketches.

MRS. W. R. TATE LEADS IN  
SAWFISH AT COLWALL PARK

This hero of the National Hunt Season which ended on Whit-Tuesday, won the Colwall Park Hunters' Steeplechase of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, carrying 13 stone, by 20 lengths, against some of the best hunters in the country. This horse has had an extraordinary career, having been bought originally for £4 10s. od., then sold to his present owner, Mr. W. R. Tate, for £200, who has recently refused a thousand guineas for him, as he thinks he has a wonderful chance of winning a Grand National.

\* \* \*

Mayfair is always doing something for charity, and considerable activity is in progress already on behalf of Animal Day which is to take place this year on Tuesday next, June 13. The proceeds of this Flag Day are divided, as the name implies, among the principal London animal charities. Among those who are working for it are Lady Mary Lygon (who found time to help in spite of preparations for her wedding, which took place on May 31, to Prince Vsevolode of Russia), Lady Victor Paget, Lady Hamilton Grant, Vera Lady Terrington, and the Hon. Violet Douglas-Pennant. The animal charities not only do everything possible free of charge for our pets, but they are well prepared in case trouble breaks out. Several of them have worked out their own A.R.P. schemes, and there is in existence a very effective gas-proof kennel for the protection of small animals. Incidentally, still more helpers are needed, and anyone who can spare a few hours on June 13 should get in touch with the Chief Organizer at 14 Clifford Street, London, W.1.

\* \* \*

### A CORRECTION

In THE TATLER of May 24 a photograph of Miss Marion Rawlings, of Sydney, was wrongly described as representing Miss Margaret Rawlings, the actress. We apologize for this mistake and for any inconvenience it may have occasioned either lady.

## MADE TO BE FORGOTTEN



Truman Howell

## TENOVA SOCKS

stay UP

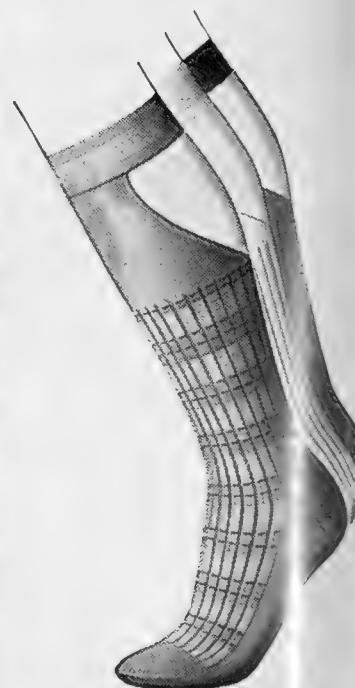
The cut-out at the back and the band at the top, containing Lastex yarn, keep these Tenova socks gently but firmly in place. And when they go to the laundry the band, of course, goes with them.

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## FACE VALUE AND SO ON

FOR weekends in the country, heavy make-up is out of place, but the skin must still be protected. Cleanse it with "Larola" toilet soap, then smooth in the famous "Larola" lotion. A dusting of their finely-sifted powder, a final touch of their "Rose Bloom" rouge, and you have a clear, matt complexion that will survive wind and weather. "Larola" soap is particularly good for sensitive skins, as it is super-fatted and free from all caustic alkali; it gives a good lather and is very soothing to use.



### An Unblemished Skin.

LOOKING one's best is not mere vanity. For most women a good appearance makes all the difference to their outlook, and blemishes can mean real unhappiness. Fortunately there is no need to go on enduring these disfigurements. Any one who is suffering from moles, warts, broken veins or that embarrassing trouble, superfluous hair, should consult Mrs. Frazer Brown, 71, New Bond Street. She gives sympathetic advice in each individual case, and when she prescribes electrical treatment she guarantees that it is absolutely harmless. To keep legs smooth for the summer she has a preparation called "Klera," which leaves a clear, matt surface and definitely discourages the growth. If sun-tan does not suit you, "Contra-Sol" will prevent sunburn and, incidentally, make a good powder base. It should be smoothed right into the skin. As an extra protection "Lotion Camelia" can then be applied, a soothing preparation which also cools your skin if it has already caught the sun. Further details of the many treatments and products are given in the booklet, sent gratis and post free on application.

### Open-Air Precautions.

TENNIS and boating, even lying in the sun, may mean rough and reddened hands. But if "Larola" is smoothed into the skin beforehand, and again when you come in, your hands will remain soft and white. This is the ideal lotion for holidays. By the sea or on a cruise it prevents that unpleasant salt stickiness, and after a day's travelling it cleanses and invigorates the skin. Too much wind can be as harmful as too much sun, but a little "Larola" after a windy walk will soothe any inflammation. There are other preparations too, under the same name, all made by M. Beetham of Cheltenham, who will gladly send their booklet.

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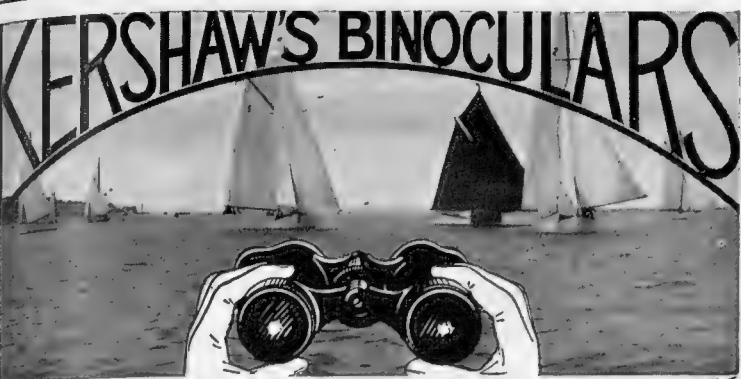
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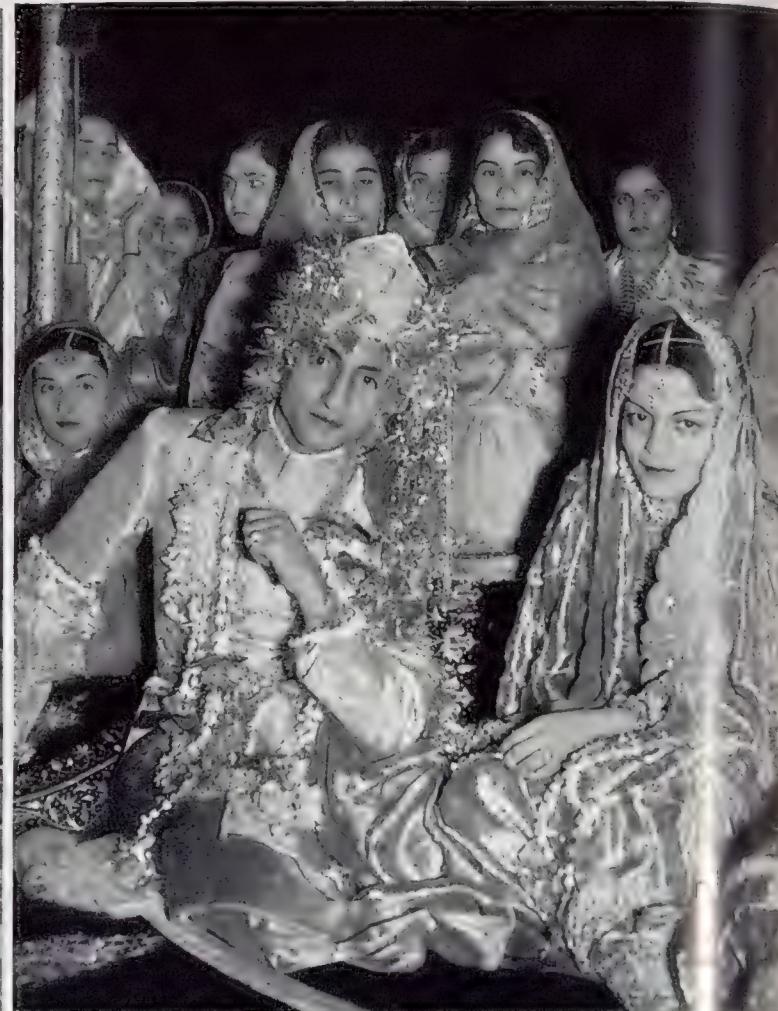
"Mummy" can have the joy of a holiday now—and return to her home in the slums a new woman—if only you will help. It costs £5 to give two weeks at the sea to a Mother and her three children. Please send a gift to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55 Bryanston St., London, W.I.

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## THE PATAUDI-BHOPAL WEDDING A UNION OF TWO PRINCELY HOUSES



THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL AND THE BEGUM OF PATAUDI  
(CENTRE FIGURES) AT THE WEDDING FEAST



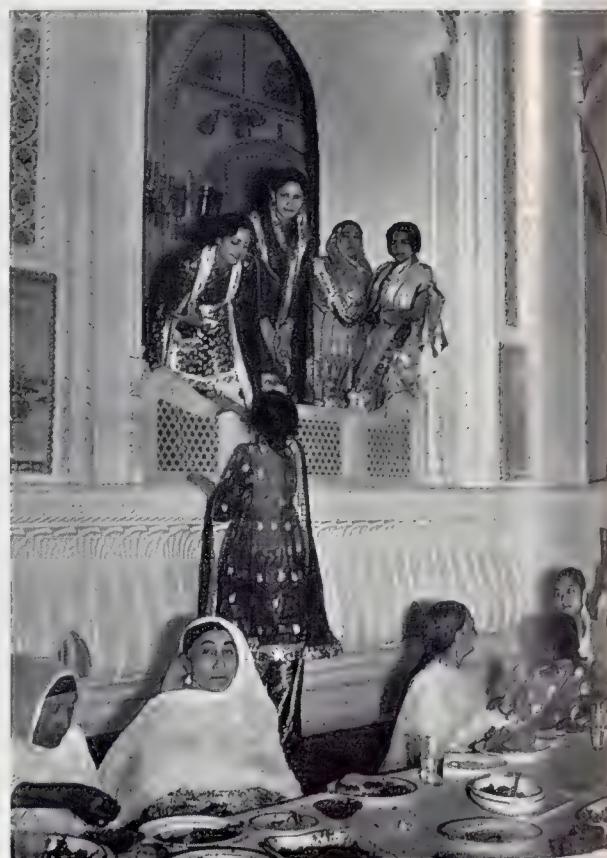
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, THE NAWAB  
AND BEGUM OF PATAUDI

This wedding in Bhopal was not only a reunion between two great families in the Moslem world of India, but one of two families outstandingly famous in sport, a thing with which every Indian chieftain almost without exception allies himself very closely in one way or the other. H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal, for instance,



is a great figure in the polo world as London has every reason to know. His Indian handicap is eight goals. His son-in-law the Nawab of Pataudi got his Blue for cricket at Oxford in 1929, and scored 102 in his first Test Match innings against Australia in 1932. His very attractive bride was the Princess Meheraj Sajida Sultan, and is the second daughter of the Nawab and Begum of Bhopal. At the time of year these photographs were taken, late April, the day heat was so intense that most of the wedding ceremonies and festivities took place at night, and hence all pictures had to be done by flash-light. In spite of this, as may be admitted, some good results have been obtained. The State elephant who was caught by the camera is not the least gaily caparisoned unit of all those which took part in the festivities. No self-respecting State elephant would put up with any but the finest finery—and make-up—for he has his head and trunk artistically painted upon such occasions

(LEFT) A STATE ELEPHANT.  
(RIGHT) THE BRIDE AND  
SOME GUESTS





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1937

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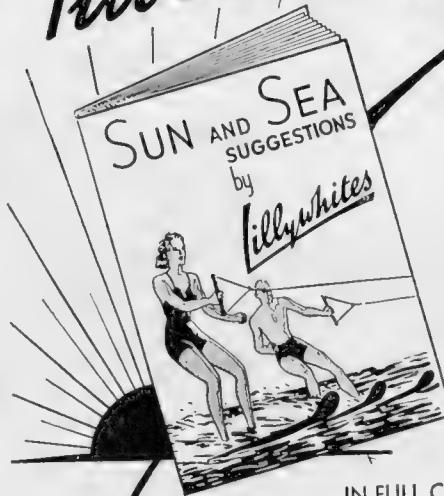
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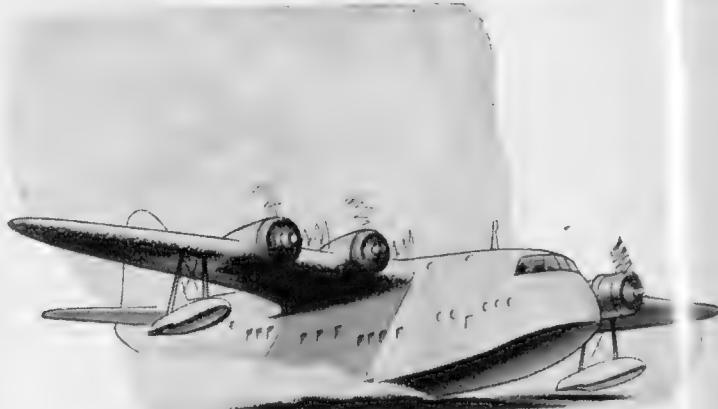
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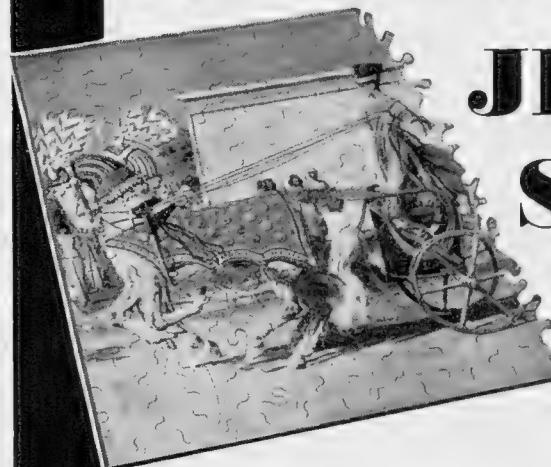
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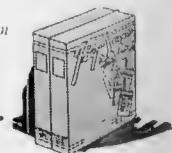
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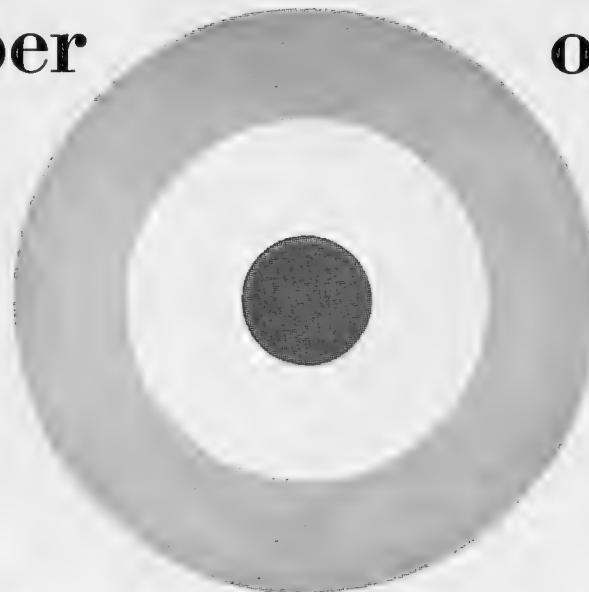
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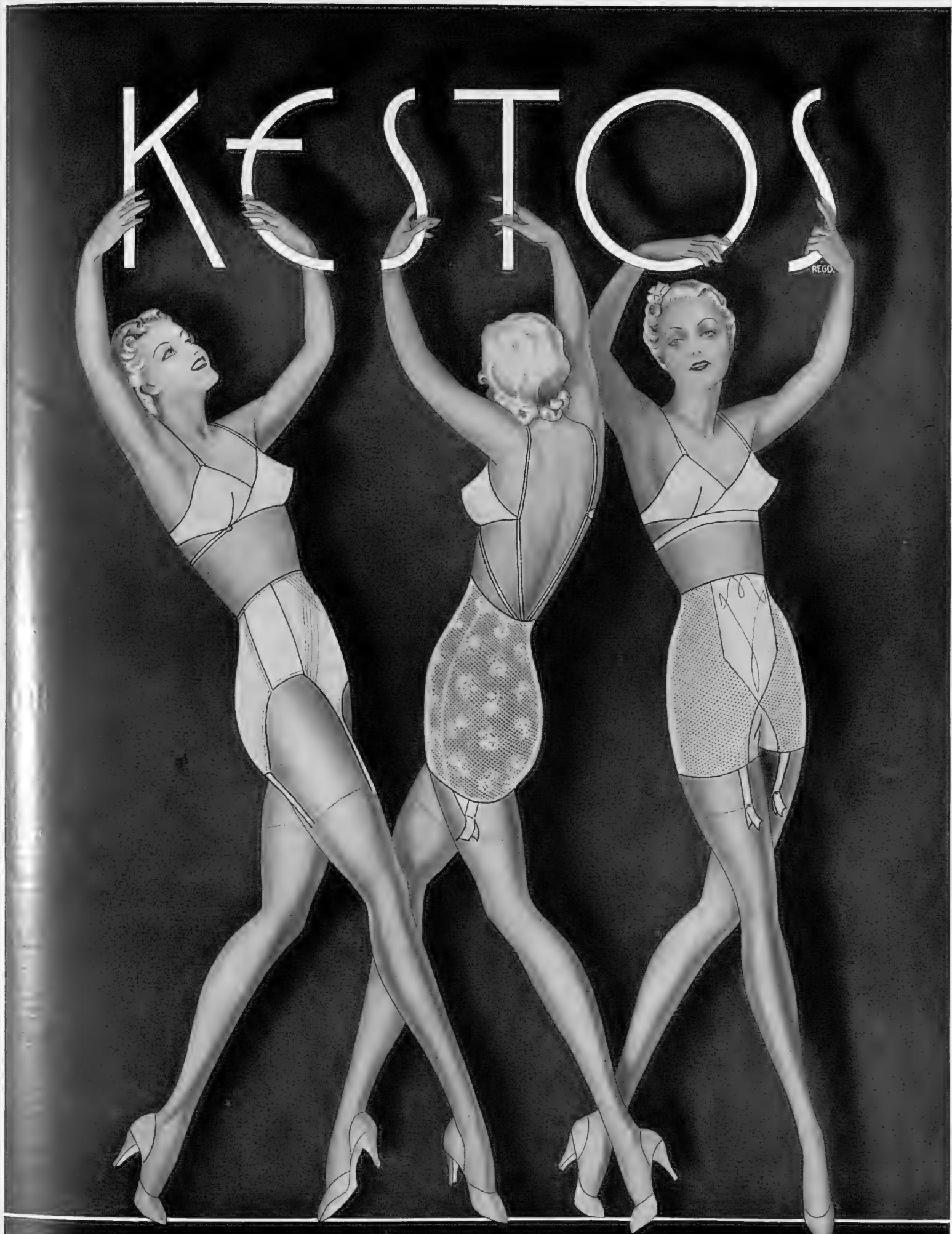
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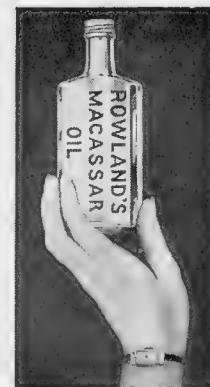
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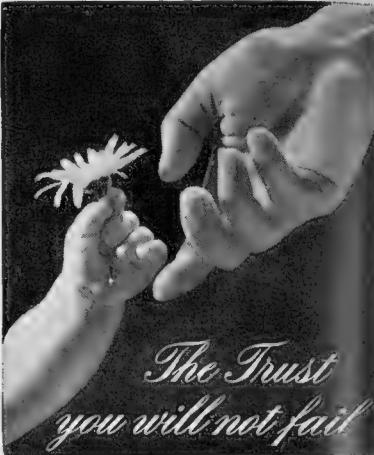
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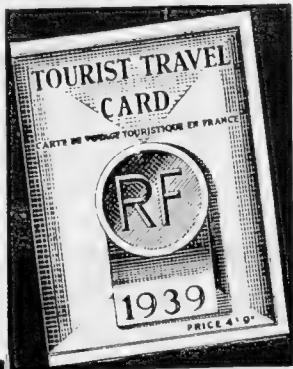
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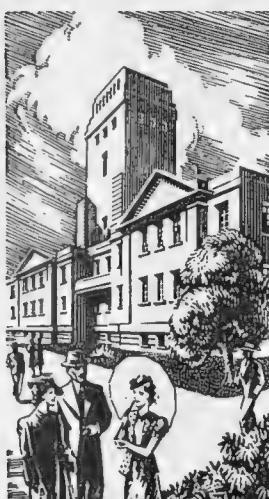


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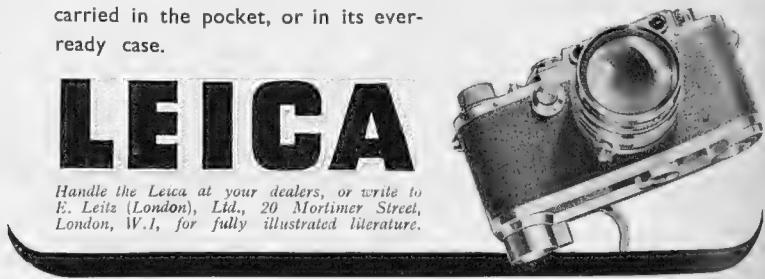
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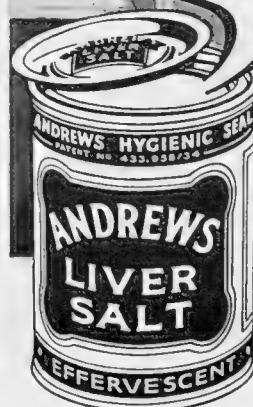
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